AS A CHRISTMAS PRESENT TO YOUR FRIENDS WHAT WOULD BE SO FINE AS A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE LEDGER? IT WOULD PLEASE THEM.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXXVII. NO. 49. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1909. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

# The Mysterious Cousin;

## Or, The Tragedy of a Night

### By J. M. Merrill

[Copyright 1909 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 48, November 27. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IV.

TWO weeks later Gregerson ran up the steps and entered the office where the administrator of the Lake estate held his court. The young land-cruiser had been too busy of late in attending to his private affairs to think much about the crime at Pine Tree Hill.

He had been considerably annoyed by what Lettice had told him with regard to the death of her father—the part Don Huddlestone had taken in informing her that her parent had been murdered. This fact had been supposed to be a secret in the keeping of four men—Doctor Cambrage, Karl Minwaring, himself, and the man who had dealt the fatal blow. Now how had the younger Huddlestone got the facts?

Was it likely that Minwaring had broken faith? Gregerson did not believe it for a moment. As for Doctor Cambrage, no more close mouthed individual lived on the Basshawk.

"You sent for me, Karl," said Gregerson as he entered the presence of the late superintendent.

"I did. Sit down, Volney, and rest a moment."

The speaker was poring over some legal documents. Volney waited patiently the pleasure of the present boss of Pine Tree Hill.

Glancing from the window at sound of wheels, the young man saw a buckboard fly down the road bearing a man and woman. Second glance showed them to be Timothy Huddlestone and Miss Florence Iderman.

Minwaring dropped his papers and stared through the window. His ruddy face grew stern, half-angry in expression.

"The old scoundrel!" at length ejaculated he.

"Are you referring to me, Mr. Minwaring?" queried Gregerson solemnly.

"That monkey-faced old Tim," hurled out the other, his bearded chin quivering. "He's going to make trouble sure as guns."

"In what way, Karl?"

"In the way of the Lake property."

"I did not suppose Mr. Lake had any dealings with Huddlestone."

"That's where you get left," said Minwaring shortly. "The old skinflint had a heap to do with Lake, more a blamed sight than I wish he had. There's a great muddle in his accounts, and the name of Huddlestone stares up at me from a mass of legal documents that amazes me."

The speaker frowned and looked troubled.

"That's why I sent for you, Volney."

"Yes?" queried the younger man.

"The affairs of Gideon Lake are in a deuce of a muddle, as I said before. I'm afraid it'll take a Philadelphia lawyer to straighten them out."

"Did you expect me to do it? I am no lawyer," and Gregerson smiled audibly.

"But you studied for law once, you told me so yourself. You surely know something about the quirks and findoodles of legal phraseology. If not, why, I may have to call in an attorney from Gardenfield."

"I haven't forgotten all I know about legal lore," said Gregerson. "If you wish it I will run over these papers with you."

"That's just what I wish."

Volney went to the desk where burly Minwaring sat. For an hour he studied the various documents laid out for his inspection. At length he lifted his head with a glance of tired disgust, his eyes flaming a half-savage look into the other's face.

"Old Tim's hand shows everywhere," he said with a compression of the lips.

"It seems that way," agreed Minwaring.

"Why, some of the finest pine tracts along the Basshawk are under mortgage to the two Huddlestones."

"True again. The young one is in cahoots with the other; they have both got a strangle hold on all the Lake holdings. Now, what can be done about it, my young friend?"

"That remains to be seen. I notice memoranda here referring to life insurance. Have you found that document?"

"I have not."

"You must have overlooked it then. Twenty thousand is worth concerning yourself about. In case the property of Mr. Lake is too heavily involved to swing clear, this life policy will save the widow and child from want."

"But that may have gone with all the rest."

"Not likely. You see, the creditors cannot touch the insurance, which is made out in favor of the wife. Look over your papers again, Karl, and find that document; it is of the utmost moment and ought before this to have been presented for settlement."

"Good for you, Volney," cried Minwaring. "I see that you understand things better than I. You may bet on it that I'll hunt up that paper, and give old Tim some hard knocks before I am through with him."

Now was a good time to call on Lettice, and Gregerson improved it.

He was to meet with a rebuff that he little expected.

"Lettice has gone away for the day," the maid, who answered his ring, informed the young man. "When will she return? Well," with a peculiar smile, "that I can't say. She is with Mr. Huddlestone, you see——"

"Oh! I thought it was Miss Iderman——"

"Ah, but there's more than one Huddlestone."

"True," with a recoil. "Lettice is out riding with the younger?"

"Yes, that's the truth, sir. Them folks come here quite often lately."

"And Miss Lake is pleased to have them come?"

"I can't say as to that, especially with the old one. The nephew seems to please my mistress, for they talk and laugh together when he calls—and this is her second ride with him since her dear pa died. Will you come in, sir? Maybe the old lady will see you."

There was a mischievous light in Marie's eye, a half-smile curling her red lip.

"Not today," and the young land-cruiser turned on his heel and walked away. A voice calling his name arrested his steps. It was old Karl. He asked Volney to step again into the office. The face of Gregerson was white and drawn. Never until now had he thought of this young Huddlestone in the light of a possible rival. As for himself he had been so deeply engaged with what promised valuable timber deals that he had neglected his little betrothed. Don Huddlestone was a rather handsome man, and was, report said, making his mark in Gardenfield as an attorney.

"Have you found the insurance policy?" were the first words of Gregerson when he again confronted the superintendent.

"No; but say, I have thought of something that'll fetch old Tim up with a short warp—him and that slink-eyed nephew of his. They are schemers both, and ought to be cut down."

"What have you in mind?"

Gregerson paced about uneasily. He was thinking of Lettice and young Huddlestone riding in company, having, no doubt, a most enjoyable tete-a-tete.

"It's most two months since the old man died, and nothing's been done about fixing the crime of murder on some one. I'm thinking we ought to get a move on and do something, else tell the whole story to a detective and let him work it out. As for me, I am ready to arrest the killers of Gideon Lake any minute now."

"But you haven't a suspicion of who he may be, Karl?"

"Oh, yes, I have."

The speaker opened a drawer in his desk and produced a small, glittering bit of steel, which he held up for the inspection of his visitor.

"Did you ever see that afore, Volney?" and the old eyes sparkled with an exultant, dancing light.

"Why, where did you get this?" queried Gregerson as he took the small needle-pointed bit of steel and examined it closely. "I thought that was locked safely in my trunk at my lodgings in town."

"Its mate, perhaps, but not this," said the elder man.

"But it is an exact counterpart of the deadly steel I extracted from the brain of poor Mr. Lake!" cried the astonished Volney.

"It is, I grant you. Do you know what that is for?"

"Not unless it is for just such murderous work as that which the one I have was used."

"That's it exactly. An infernal machine I call it, although its inventor told me it was for surgical work, and that he expected to make a fortune out of the instrument when he had it completed in every detail. You see, it is a cunningly contrived bit of mechanism. A delicate, yet strong spring forces the steel arrow through a small tube directly into human flesh. Yes, the inventor was frank enough to say that it was constructed for no other purpose than to pierce the bodies of human beings. And what do you think he said about the idea of its construction coming to him?"

"I cannot imagine."

"The idea for his infernal machine came through a visit to the Stockyards of Chicago—the manner of slaughtering beeves, I think he said, put this thing into his brain."

"And who is the inventor, Karl?"

"Nobody but our friend Donald Huddlestone, Volney!"

## CHAPTER V.

"Donald Huddlestone!" exclaimed the land-cruiser in surprise.

"The same, my boy. He came in one day with a queer contrivance under his arm, the blamedest queer machine you ever saw; full of wires, springs and dildols. He set it on the desk here and opened the thing, showing me how it worked. So far as I could see, it went about its business like a human. I was hit amidships, cobang!"

"Well, and what did you make of it? What is it for?"

"Just for what it was used and nothing more—an instrument of murder!"

The old superintendent sat down and began disfiguring a blank sheet of paper with a pencil. He was plainly laboring under considerable excitement.

Volney forced a laugh. Minwaring lifted his shaggy head with a frown.

"I s'pose you'd laugh at a funeral, young man," he growled.

"But this——"

"It is exhibit A of my array of evidence against the Huddlestones," proceeded the old man. "I'm going to fasten on one or both a crime that will startle the whole Basshawk Valley."

"Which is the murder of Gideon Lake."

"That's what."

"I'm afraid your evidence won't hold water, Karl," ventured the young man. "It is unthinkable that men of their stamp would stoop to do murder."

"Pshaw," snapped Minwaring, "you are a babe where crime is concerned. Some of the supposed nicest men in the world have murdered their best friends. There was Colt and Bowditch, and—but what's the use? I'm not going to deliver a lecture on human eccentricities. It's up to us to find and punish Mr. Lake's assassin. Gideon was like a brother to me, and surely you must think of him in the light of a father. I understand——"

"One moment," broke in Gregerson. "You seem to think it probable that one of the Huddlestones did our good friend Lake to death, and that the deed was performed by an infernal machine invented by the younger. Am I right?"

"Yes, you are right, my boy."

"And do you suppose he, Don, invented that machine for the express purpose of doing away with Gideon Lake?"

"I see nothing strange in thinking so."

"Well, granting that such is the case, would the young man who invented the instrument of murder be likely to take it to a friend of the man he had slain and explain its workings to him?"

"Yes, he might do even that, Volney," declared Minwaring.

"He could not be such an idiot."

"There's where you fall down, my boy," said the other with a grim smile. "It would be just like the murderer to come out in this frank manner for the express purpose of warding aside suspicion from himself. I tell you Don was as nervous as a sick cat when he explained the workings of his devilish machine. His eyes were bloodshot and he had a very unsteady hand. I have marked him as the chief factor in the crime."

And now Gregerson thought of what Lettice had told him. Don knew of the murder when it was supposed to be a profound secret. The young man could not shake off a growing conviction that the old superintendent was right.

"There may be something in what you say," admitted Gregerson after a momentary thoughtfulness. "If I had the time I should be glad to aid you in working out this mystery to its solution."

"Time, boy, time. Why, blame it all, take the time. There's nothing so important as arriving at the truth in this matter, and I can't do it alone."

"You might call in a detective," suggested Gregerson.

"Do you advise that, Volney?"

"Not without consulting Doctor Cambrage, of course. We agreed to keep the secret, and no one or even two have a moral right to break the compact."

"Very well. If you can't take the time, I'll talk with the doc, and if he's agreed, why I go for a Chicago sleuth."

Gregerson paused at the door as he was departing. He turned to Minwaring with: "Wait a while, Karl. Maybe I shall be able to help you. I hate to mix up this affair with Tom, Dick and Harry. Don't call for outside aid yet awhile."

"All right, boy."

It was a mild and pleasant day, with a faint breeze coming across the meadows along Cinnamon Branch. A mile further down flowed the stately Basshawk, one of the noblest rivers in the State. Gregerson remembered how, as a boy, he had disported himself in the waters of the river, how he had fished and hunted along its banks, and lastly how he had canoed it for many shadowed miles in company with pretty girls of the settlement, the prettiest among them being Lettice, daughter of old Gideon Lake, the lumber king of the Basshawk Valley.

Those were brave old days, and a certain happiness was his in recalling them. Golden-haired Lettice had been his childhood's friend, and he could not remember the time that he had thought of his own settlement in life apart from her gentle and inspiring presence.

The unexpected death of the old landowner had marred a part of the picture. With the coming of the Huddlestones into the lives of the river folks came also a dark shadow which seemed destined to deepen into a cloud of storm and destruction.

A rattle of wheels broke in upon the young man's reverie. He stepped out of the road without turning his head. The vehicle, a light, open buggy, halted at his side, the black horse, scarcely more than a pony, neighing in friendly greeting. Volney whirled instantly, remembering the little black which had been a birthday present to Lettice from her father.

Instead of the sweet, blonde face of Lettice, framed in its network of golden hair, a darker visage, yet none the less beautiful, smiled at him from under a jaunty hat sporting a long ostrich plume.

"Ah, Miss Iderman!" exclaimed the young man, smiling pleasantly.

She invited him to ride with her; she was going to the village and was a trifle lonely all by herself in the dreary woods.

"Lettice goes so much, leaving me always at home," she explained. "I am jealous of that man's attentions. Lettice seems infatuated. I think it must be some sort of business of her father's that takes her to Huddlestone's so often."

The girl chattered on, idly perhaps, yet every word cutting deeply the soul of her companion. Slender and graceful as a fawn the Californian sat holding the reins in her gloved hands, talking in low, earnest strains to the stalwart Volney Gregerson. The young land-cruiser had seen Miss Iderman infrequently, yet at every meeting she impressed him with a strange power which was past explaining.

"Do you think it prudent for my cousin to go so often to the village—to the home of Don Huddlestone?"

There was an evident tinge of unrest in the concluding words of his fair companion. Volney sat a veritable statue hewn from marble. She turned now full upon him, the perfume of delicate lilies invading his senses.

"I have nothing to say," finally spoke the sphinx.

"What, nothing, and she your best girl! Well, that's strange," and a low laugh welled from the full lips of Miss Iderman.

"I imagine your cousin would not brook interference from me," and he ventured to watch her face from the corner of his eye. "I am not her guardian. She is surely old enough to know her own business."

"That may be, but I'm afraid she doesn't. That tall, dark Don is irresistible, let me tell you—where women are concerned," she finished with an irresistible drawl that was with her most charming.

"Has he fascinated you, Miss Iderman?"

"Oh, no," with a laugh and toss of her ringleted head. "It takes something stronger than good looks in a man to draw upon me."

"What more would you ask?"

Gregerson was interesting himself after a period of listless indifference.

"I require a modicum of intelligence, at any rate."

"I am afraid you are not crediting Mr. Huddlestone with his due," said Gregerson, scarcely interested in this parry of words. "At least no one can say that the elder Huddlestone lacks intelligence. He has amassed a fortune by using his gray matter to good purpose."

"A scheming old skinflint!" declared she. "I fairly despise such sordid creatures. Don is rapidly acquiring his uncle's cunning. He sees in Lettice an heiress worth securing—he has gone at her dead set to win. I warn you to look out for him."

"And why should it concern me?" returned Gregerson, his face very inscrutable, no matter what might be transpiring beneath the surface.

"Why, I thought——"

"Well?" as she caught herself suddenly. She blushed a rosy red under the quizzical glow of his deep gray eyes.

"Oh, nothing, only the gossips have you two engaged."

"One should take such talk with a large grain of salt."

"Oh, then it isn't true!"

The speaker leaned a little closer, the lilies filling his senses with their sensual sweets. The contact of persons was as an electric shock. Gregerson felt it and tried not to draw himself away. It was truly very soothing to his wounded feelings, this camaraderie with a woman like Florence Iderman. He made no effort to deny the inference drawn by his fair companion, and so they drifted on into the village.

Washetnong was a smart town of two thousand souls, Timothy Huddlestone being the one grand and only Mogul of the place. He had retired on a fortune and lived by his wits and his neighbors' weaknesses.

"You were riding with the other Huddlestone today?" said Gregerson, the memory of what he had seen while at the office of Minwaring flitting back to his brain most suddenly.

"Why, yes, I ride with him sometimes," admitted the girl with an amused laugh. "You see, I am studying him."

"Well, and what do you make of this old money-snatcher?"

"I shall reserve my decision till later," she said very calmly. "He pretends to be very good, and I am not sure that he is not, yet my first impressions lead me to believe he is not what he seems. Old skinflint most people say when speaking of him."

"Your own words you remember," laughingly reminded Gregerson.

"Perhaps. I make many slips of the tongue. You'll find I am not perfect by any means, Mr. Gregerson." She regarded him with a mischievous smile.

"As for that, who is perfect?"

"Few of us, not even Lettice."

"Not even Lettice," he conceded, although there had been a time when lips making such an assertion would have been silenced with a reprimand from the giant young land-cruiser.

New light had been filtering into his brain as the years counted upward. People were not always what they seemed, especially the gentler half of the human family. Somehow this handsome giant felt that his hold on one lady's heart was slipping rapidly away.

A rattle of wheels sounded; a carriage dashed close alongside their light vehicle. Gregerson sat up and took notice. He saw the tall form of Don Huddlestone, and beside him was the slender girl of Pine Tree Hill. Her face was strangely pale, the eyes swollen and red from recent weeping.

To see Lettice thus, his Lettice, aroused the lethargic young giant of the Basshawk. He leaned toward the passing carriage and called to the girl beside Don Huddlestone.

## CHAPTER VI.

Lettice started at sound of Gregerson's voice. She leaned toward him with lips parted as if to speak. Huddlestone gave the horses a sharp touch with the whip, sending them into a headlong gallop, his carriage sweeping past the man and girl in the light buggy.

Instantly Gregerson snatched the reins and urged the pony into a sharp trot. His companion watched his actions with an ill-suppressed smile. After a minute she said:

"No use, Mr. Gregerson, those fleet roadsters of Hud's are too many for Black Bess; besides, I don't think Lettice would care to have her pretty pony misused."

There was an undercurrent of sarcasm in the tones of the girl's voice.

Gregerson drew rein after a brief spurt of speed in which the little mare held her own with the fleet roadsters in advance. He seemed suddenly to see the folly of pursuing the party since Lettice was with Huddlestone of her own volition. Her emotion, however, rather alarmed him. What had her companion been saying to cause her to weep, something not pleasant he was sure?

The young man continued to drive, his companion seeming willing to have him do so. They rounded a corner and faced homeward once more. Florence made no protest, although she had thought to do some shopping at the outset of her drive. Gregerson sat sullenly silent, his eyes fixed on a distant cloud of dust made by the Huddlestone carriage. The girl smiled and moistened her lips.

"Lettice didn't seem to be enjoying her ride," she ventured at length.

"Something has gone wrong, surely," vouchsafed Gregerson.

"Do you think he has proposed to her?"

Gregerson started with a low ejaculation. Calming himself with an effort, he turned to look at his companion. She did not know then that her cousin was out of the market—his promised wife.

"It affected her strangely in any event," continued Florence. "My dear Letty is nothing if not eccentric. Now, a proposal of marriage wouldn't affect me that way. No doubt it was heart-rending; that is, if she had to refuse him."

"I don't believe you are on the right track, Miss Iderman," said Volney rather glumly. "Their talk doubtless had something to do with legal matters pertaining to the settlement of the Lake estate."

"And has the younger Huddlestone a hand in that settlement?"

"I am unable to answer. I have not been taken into the counsels of the people at Pine Tree Hill."

"Indeed! I was led to believe that you were assisting the administrator. I think some one ought to watch those Huddlestones; they seem to be acting queerly. I know, at any rate, that my cousin distrusts old Tim."

"He has called several times of late?"

"Yes, she has had several interviews with him. I do not know what the purport of the meetings is, only that Lettice is troubled, and cries sometimes over them."

Gregerson bit his lip and reflected.

"I believe it is time I took a hand in this business," he said half to himself.

"Well that's what I had thought of suggesting," returned Florence. "Poor Letty ought to have a confidential adviser such as that old Mr. Minwaring is not. He is fussy and self-assured; he and Cousin Letty don't get on at all. It was a mistake appointing him to administer the estate. He is sure to make a muddle of it in the end."

The girl spoke with considerable feeling, and Gregerson warmed toward her in consequence.

"I shall make it a point to look after this myself," said the young land-cruiser with decision. He thought of Don and his infernal machine. There might be something in Minwaring's suspicions after all. It would never do to permit a pair of landsharks to devour the substance of the girl he loved.

Gregerson called to see Lettice Lake on the following day.

She received him with a smile and gentle hand clasp. There was an added paleness to her cheek that troubled him. Florence, who was present, excused herself and went out into the sunshine, singing softly as she turned into a graveled path leading into the maples.

"He's come to have it out with her," she murmured, a tinge of red dyeing her dark cheek. "I am not sure about what I had best do. I believe, if I set about it, I could cut that girl out—such fun as that would be!" and a short, low laugh followed.

Through the grove, down beyond the iron fence a carriage was moving. Florence at once hastened her steps and was soon within a few yards of the moving vehicle. The driver proved to be Timothy Huddlestone. His wrinkled face lighted up with a pleased surprise at seeing the slender form of Miss Iderman. She had fascinated him from the first, and in a way they had grown to be remarkably good friends, despite the fact that she had belittled him when talking with Volney Gregerson.

"You were going to the house?" she inquired, bending over the low iron rail of the fence.

"That was my destination. If you will ride with me, however, I shall take pleasure in postponing my visit to your cousin till another time."

The smile accompanying the words was not very artistic, yet it seemed to prove fetching enough to draw the girl quite into the road. She vaulted the low fence with surprising agility, never grazing the sharp points of the upright iron fingers.

The old man's eyes snapped their approval at her agile strength.

"Wonderful, wonderful," he ejaculated, "for a girl!"

"Why, for a girl?" and she lifted her pointed chin high and laughed amusedly. "I learned to be supple out among the California hills. Girls on the range think nothing of mounting a horse on the dead run. I can do it myself. I will show you sometime if you care to see me do it, Mr. Huddlestone."


# WANTS HER LETTER PUBLISHED

## For Benefit of Women who Suffer from Female Ills

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused a weakness and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. My pains all left me, I grew stronger, and within three months I was a perfectly well woman.

"I want this letter made public to show the benefit women may derive from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. JOHN G. MOLDAN, 2115 Second St., North, Minneapolis, Minn.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

**If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She will treat your letter as strictly confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way, free of charge. Don't hesitate—write at once.**

"Delighted I am sure," he chuckled. Springing lightly down from his carriage, he assisted Florence to a seat, then he followed nimbly, determining not to be outdone by a slip of a girl. If he was not old enough to be this girl's father, there would soon be something doing in the matrimonial line he flattered himself.

Meantime, Gregerson had seated himself in the Lake parlor and was making his plans known to his betrothed in a most decided manner.

"The proper thing is for us to marry at once," he declared, without the least hesitation. "I can then work for the good of the estate and thwart those who would dare to do mischief in relation to this property."

"Oh, Volney, this is too, too sudden!" gasped Lettice, white as any ghost.

"Too sudden? Nonsense. Haven't we been engaged for months? Long engagements always end in unhappiness; don't let ours culminate in that way."

Gregerson spoke with unreserved earnestness, and from the bottom of his heart. Somehow he saw gathering a lot of soulless cormorants, ready and anxious to devour everything about the Lake possessions. Lettice, guileless as a child, was not able to cope with them. An immediate marriage would give him license to throw his whole strength into the fight for the salvation of a fortune.

"I can't look at it that way," said Lettice falteringly. "What would the world think if we should wed so soon after poor papa's death?"

A sob broke from the gentle heart, and a golden head was buried in his bosom. He held her quite fast, soothing her with a gentle smoothing of her golden fleece with one broad palm.

"It is not a question for the world to concern itself about," he said with severe calmness. "Lettice, tell me why you have been troubled of late? I saw that something was worrying you when you and Don Huddlestone were in his carriage together. I warn you to leave that man entirely out of consideration; you must shun him hereafter."

The girl ceased her sobs and drew herself away from his clasp. She stood back, white and suddenly calm, her blue eyes shining with a subdued yet effective light.

"Don has been kind to me, Volney. He is one of my best friends; and he is going to find the murderer of poor papa, and bring him to justice."

"Indeed!" ejaculated the astonished listener.

"And I cannot think of marrying until after that is accomplished."

"But, Lettice——"

"Don't urge me, Volney; I am resolved upon this."

The compressed lips and flashing eye convinced Gregerson that he was completely out of the running for the present. He was angry and somewhat disconcerted. Cranky, some people would have said, as he sprang up and turned to depart.

"I'll not argue the point, Miss Lake," said he, with a cold sneer. And then he opened the door and passed into the open air.

## CHAPTER VII.

Don Huddlestone sat smoking in his own private quarters at his uncle's house at Washtonong village. Timothy was a widower of long standing, childless, having a housekeeper and one servant to look after the indoor affairs. His nephew had been with him but a short time, having come up from the city of Gardenfield to look after some personal matters of his own.

The young man laid down his cigar at a ring from the street bell. The one servant answered the bell and opened Don's door, introducing a caller—Volney Gregerson.

"Glad to see you, Volney. Sit down."

The speaker passed the cigars as he spoke. Volney accepted a chair, but waved aside the cigars.

"I am here to have a little talk with you, Mr. Huddlestone," said the land-cruiser, shrugging his big shoulders, looking keenly at the other from beneath his frowning brows.

"Certainly, sir," said Don. "Anything I can do for you is all right. Something about the Lake estate, perhaps?" He lifted his brows with a half-smile.

"Something to do with Lake, at any rate," agreed Gregerson.

"You flatter me, Volney. I should expect you to employ an older attorney. However, whatever legal talent I possess is at your service."

The calm friendliness of the man only served to nettle his visitor. He saw in this young fledgling of the law a scheming young villain, who had set about worrying Lettice Lake into doing his bidding at whatever cost to herself. Then, too, he remembered the bluffly uttered suspicions of Minwaring, to which he was now subscribing in their entirety.

"I am not seeking an attorney."

"Indeed! Well——"

"I want you to answer a few plain questions, Don Huddlestone," and the nether lip of the speaker curled. "Why have you interested yourself in the affairs of the late lumberman? What motive prompts you to enter there and render the life of his daughter miserable?"

"You are assuming things of which I am not guilty, Volney," and young Huddlestone flicked a bit of ashes from his sleeve and smiled very unconcernedly into the face of his visitor.

"Do you deny calling frequently at Pine Tree Hill?"

"Certainly not. I am unaware of anything in law or etiquette that forbids a gentleman making a social call on a lady whom he respects most highly."

"Your respect takes a queer turn when it inflicts disagreeable matters upon a mere child. I tell you plainly, Don Huddlestone, that you are not wanted at Pine Tree Hill."

"Are you speaking for yourself, or for Miss Lake?"

Calm as ice, Huddlestone sat and smiled in the face of his angry caller.

"I speak for both her and myself," broke forth Gregerson, now white with rising rage. "You go again to the Lake homestead at your peril."

For an instant the cheek of dark Don flushed into red defiance. Once he lifted a clinched hand, while his smile faded into a grim line across his even teeth. Quickly, however, this resentment fell from him, the old smile broke across his countenance and the fingers of his clinched hand opened to tap the table gently.

"So you came here to threaten, Mr. Gregerson," said the tall young attorney, in the calmest of tones. "Now, under certain conditions I might resent your insolence. Having the good of Miss Lake and her mother at heart I shall engage in no billingsgate or fisticuffs with a backwoods churl. If you have spoken your piece you will oblige me by retiring."

Huddlestone resumed his cigar with seeming calm indifference. His cool demeanor roiled Gregerson more than harsh words could have done. And yet he felt that by growing angry he had placed himself at a disadvantage.

There was something in the calm self-possession of this young attorney that called for admiration. At another time, and in different circumstances the stalwart land-cruiser would have been glad to have extended a friendly hand. Remembering all that Minwaring had said about the Huddlestones, and of Don in particular, Gregerson would not forgive or forget.

He found himself wondering where the infernal machine was, and if its inventor had put it to any use since the night of the murder of Gideon Lake. The keen gray eyes went in flashing search throughout the room.

"Have you anything of moment to advance, Mr. Gregerson?"

There was not the slightest resentment manifest in the tones when Huddlestone again opened his lips. He smoked and blew a coil of blue essence of nicotine ceilingward.

"Nothing further; you will heed and understand as it is, I trust."

"Pooh! You are a boy in these matters, Volney," and an amused laugh followed. "I have been actuated by the best of motives in my calls at the home of Miss Lake. I am seeking to find a clew to the murder of her father."

"Who says he was murdered?"

Gregerson was now on firmer ground. He had been wanting to speak of this, and was inwardly debating how to begin when his friend, the lawyer, helped him out.

"Who says he was not?"

Gregerson bit his lips and scowled.

"What if I tell you that I say he was not?"

"I should simply consider that you were in ignorance of the truth."

"Then you do say that Gideon Lake was murdered, Don?"

"Certainly I do."

"How long since you made this discovery?"

"Ever since I lost my first crude model of the machine I have spent a year in bringing to practical use," and Huddlestone tossed the stub of his cigar into a near-by cuspidor and crossed his long limbs, leaning with a quizzical expression of the eye toward his visitor.

"Ah, you speak of a machine," said Gregerson quickly. "Will you permit me to look at it?"

"Not the least objection."

Don got up and went to a small closet, opening the door to which he brought forth a square box of highly polished wood. This he placed on the table before his caller.

"Don't touch it!" suddenly exclaimed Huddlestone as Gregerson was about to place his hand on the polished wooden box. "I am not sure that it is quite safe, you know. I don't wish to have another tragedy added to the one already blackening our neighborhood."

Gregerson shrank away with a muttered "Oh!"

"There's no danger if you understand how to work the thing," continued Huddlestone. "I will show you how it works and then you may judge for yourself as to the merits of the little toy. I haven't completed all of my experiments yet, and as you shall see, the invention isn't by any means perfected."

Turning aside a brass hook the cover flew off, revealing a small brass cannon on wheels—simply a toy cannon, nothing more.

"You are disappointed, I see," chuckled the inventor. "Wait till you see the little devil work, and then you may sneer if you like. I have here a key which winds one of the springs at the breech of the cannon; this is the weaker spring, and will serve to show you how the thing works."

Thrusting a tiny key into a slot in the cannon, Huddlestone gave it a few turns, after which he ran the cannon to the edge of the table opposite to where his visitor sat. Placing a small bit of pasteboard in the shape of a heart against the wall, securing it with a pin, the inventor touched a small protuberance on the left side of the cannon.

A slight clicking sound followed. The center of the heart was pierced by a small, glittering shaft of steel.

Gregerson uttered an exclamation.

"Neatly done, eh?" remarked Huddlestone. "Watch for the rest."

Click-click-click-click!-!-!-!-whir!

By holding his finger against the protuberance on the cannon, there were spat from its mouth, one after another, in quick succession, at least a dozen glittering arrows of steel imbedding themselves to a considerable depth in the wall! It was truly a startling exhibit.

"Just a plaything, you say," proceeded Huddlestone. "Well, something of that sort I admit, yet it has served to while away a good many of my idle hours." He then removed the steel shafts, none of which seemed to have gone into the wall to a great depth. "I will show you what the stronger spring can do if you like."

"Yes," said Gregerson, "show me the whole thing."

Opening the breech of his little cannon Huddlestone fingered about for a brief moment, closed the breech and touched the protuberance once more.

Click-crash!

Dust blew from the wall, to which the inventor stepped, pulled aside the pasteboard heart to show the merest point of a steel shaft buried entirely in the solid wood! There was certainly terrific power behind the last shot. Huddlestone turned his dark face, now lit with pleased excitement, toward his visitor.

"What do you think of it, Volney?" he asked, seemingly as pleased with his little engine of destruction as a schoolboy might have been.

"A very ingenious toy."

"You call it a toy. Do you know, Volney, that even the lightest spring can send an arrow to the seat of life? With that instrument I could kill a thousand head of beeves in a day, and a human now and then for good measure." A rather disagreeable laugh followed the words. Gregerson shrugged his shoulders and shuddered. The possibilities of the devilish instrument were uncountable.

"I suppose you will submit this to the managers of the Chicago slaughter pens?" said he, rising quickly.

"Not at present. The machine is yet in its chrysalis state; it is really not quite practical. The first model was better for some sorts of work—for human killing, for instance. It was pistol-shaped, and could be easily carried in the pocket. Perhaps you would like to see my first model, Volney?"

"Certainly I should, Don."

The tall, dark man went out. He absented himself for several minutes. When at length he did return, an uneasy expression filled his black eyes.

"It's gone," he said in a tone of vexation.

"How do you mean?"

"My magic pistol. Some one has stolen it. It's barely possible, however, that I mislaid it. You see, since I got interested in this larger machine, I have scarcely thought of the first model. Call again, Volney, and I will show you some more of the little brassy's powers of destruction."

Gregerson moved to depart, not at all satisfied with his visit. He had meant to crush the obtrusive young attorney with his invective. Instead, he had been won over by Don Huddlestone into feeling more friendly toward him than otherwise.

As he opened the door, a sharp whirring sound struck his ear. Volney turned quickly as a bit of glittering steel was buried in the casing within a foot of his head.

Huddlestone uttered an imprecation and thrust his hand behind him. He was not quick enough, however, to hide the flurry of smoke that showed above the clinched palm. Gregerson stood rooted to the floor. His lip compressed his teeth as he eyed the tall attorney in questioning amaze.

"A sorry accident," stammered Huddlestone, still concealing his right hand, forcing himself to meet the gaze of his startled and doubting visitor.

The continuation of this highly interesting story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. It leads to very strange and fascinating situations. Read it. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year.

### Better Still.

Said She—I was reading today of a peach raised in Michigan that weighed almost five pounds. What do you think of that?

Said He—Oh, that wasn't much of a peach. Why, you weigh at least twenty-five times that much


GREAT Order FULTON by Mail UNEQUALED
Kentucky's Straight Whiskey
Express Prepaid from Distiller Direct to You
2 Gallons for $5.

3 for $7.50 or 1 for $3, choice of Rye, Bourbon or Corn Fulton Straight whiskey highest medicinal thoroughly matured, in Myers patent 1 gallon demijohns. To prove Fulton is best you need

send no money

We ship on thirty days' credit if you have your merchant or bank write us guaranteeing account. No C.O.D. Full Quart Bottles of Rye, Bourbon or Corn are expressed prepaid in plain boxes, either 4 for $3., 8 for $6. or 12 for $9. FREE—4 miniature bottles of Selected Fulton with every 2 gallon order, 6 with 3 gallon orders, accompanied by cash. If not satisfied with whiskey return; and, if paid for, all your money will be refunded by first mail.

Address MYERS & COMPANY, WAREHOUSE NO. 172
Sole Owners U.S. Registered Distillery No. 22, 6th Dist. of Ky. COVINGTON, KY.

Orders from Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, Washington or Wyoming must call for either 20 full quart bottles, or 6 gallons in demijohns, or a cask, for $15.00 by prepaid freight. Write for express terms for these States.

Write for our book, A Fair Customer, and price list sealed.

FINE VIOLIN CATALOG
To anyone in the market for a violin, we will send our beautiful catalog. It quotes the lowest prices on old and new violins of fine tone. Send for a copy and study the subject before buying.
Lyon & Healy
10 Adams Street
(13) Chicago

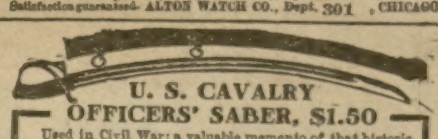
Remoh Gems

Looks like a diamond—wears like a diamond—brilliancy guaranteed forever—stands filing like a diamond—stands heat like a diamond—has no paste, foil or artificial backing. Set in solid gold mountings. 1-20th the cost of diamonds. A marvelously reconstructed gem. Not an imitation. Sent on approval. Write for our catalog, it's free. No canvassers wanted
If not satisfactory money refunded.
REMOH JEWELRY CO., 421 N. Broadway, St. Louis

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS
Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 3, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights.
I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims.
Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES,
436 Jacobson Building, Denver, Colo.

STEM WIND Watch, Ring AND CHAIN FREE
FOR SELLING POST CARDS

We positively give both a Famous Alton Watch, Stem Wind, handsomely designed case, American movement, factory tested, guaranteed five years, also a nice Ring set with a Congo Gem, sparkling and fiery, for selling 20 packages beautiful high grade Art Post Cards at 10c per package. Order 20 packages, when sold send $2 and we will positively send you the watch, ring & chain.
Satisfaction guaranteed. ALTON WATCH CO., Dept. 301 , CHICAGO



U. S. CAVALRY
OFFICERS' SABER, $1.50
Used in Civil War; a valuable memento of that historic struggle. Nothing more appropriate for a den decoration. Length of polished blade 36½ inches, from hilt to point. Bronze 3 guard wrapped handle; weight, about 4 pounds, with nickled steel Scabbard. Our sacrifice price $1.50. Catalog illustrating hundreds of government bargains free.
Cal Hirsch & Sons Iron & Rail Co., U. S. Dept. 24 St. Louis, Mo.

TAILORING Salesmen
who are willing to accept $200 a month showing our big samples and taking measurements for the finest made-to-order suits and overcoats at the lowest prices. No experience needed. Our new plan gets the money. Big clear profit on every sale. Send today for big outfit and new money getting plan.
WARRINGTON WOOLEN AND WORSTED MILLS
173 Adams Street, Dept. 209, Chicago.

BOOK ON CANARIES FREE

Do you know how canaries are trained in Germany to reproduce the tones of a violin, flute and bell chimes; to out-sing and out-trill the world's greatest operatic singers; and to actually sing two notes at once? Our book tells about it in a way that is interesting as well as instructive. It also tells how we ship these delightful soloists to all parts of the United States, Canada and Mexico, and explains how to care for and breed canaries for profit. But what is most important is that the book tells of our wonderful offer to send one of these canaries to anyone on two weeks' trial. Write for the book to-day. It is free and entails no obligation.
CUGLEY & MULLER, 1307 MARKET ST., PHILA. Largest Pet Shop in the World

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Give immediate relief in cases of Hoarseness, Coughs, Sore Throat, Bronchitis and Asthma. Fifty years' reputation as an article of superior merit. Absolutely free from any harmful ingredient.
Sold everywhere or sent postpaid on receipt of price, 25 cents, 50 cents and $1.00 per box. Sample sent free on request.
JOHN I. BROWN & SON,
Boston, Mass.

PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD.
If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write today to Mrs. M. Summers, Box 457, South Bend, Ind.

# A Loveless Bridal;

## Or, THE PLOT AGAINST MARCELLA

### By Captain Douglas Lyon

[Copyright 1909 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 46, November 13. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XI.

SHYLOCK'S WARD.

THE announcement of Marcella's marriage fell like a thunderbolt from a clear sky upon Gilbert Montclare.

Chipps, who conveyed the intelligence to him, was stunned.

"I knew there was rascality afoot," said the latter. "I knew the young lady was engaged, though against her will, from what she told me at the window, but this marriage—it's infamous!"

Montclare did not reply for a moment.

"Leastwise she has spurned him," he said at last. "The babbling tongues of the servants have let that much out."

"But why did she go so far?"

"The work of as pretty a lot of plotters as ever leagued themselves against a young girl!" cried Gilbert.

"And when you rake the weeds away you'll see the footprints of Doctor Judas where they lay."

"Yes," answered Montclare, recalling his last interview with the man of poisons.

"Well," said Chipps with a good deal of satisfaction. "There'll be no honeymoon at any rate. We've got Ramon Doan and the doctor against us, to say nothing of Mrs. Stanley."

It was the night after the wedding and Chipps had carried to Montclare the news which had been kept out of the newspapers.

Gilbert saw his visitor depart and then, after some reflective silence, picked up his hat.

He had managed to escape from the chair in which he found himself, after the magic put forth against him in the little doctor's office.

"I must know more about this man," he said to himself. "If Marcella is really bound to Ramon Doan, the bonds must be broken in some manner."

Then he wondered why he was taking such an active part in the drama which had been enacted in Lovelit place. He had known Marcella for years, but not intimately. They had been friends in days which had long flitted into the past, but his path had led in a contrary direction and for years an ocean had separated them. Yet he had not forgotten the tall girl of the olden days, and her peril had recently renewed *his friendship for her.*

Gilbert was in the vicinity of Doctor Judas's office when he almost collided with a man who was hurrying away. This person had his hat pulled over his eyes and Gilbert noticed that he had suddenly given him a wide berth.

But the light of the electric bulbs had given him the merest glimpse of the half-concealed face, but it was enough. The man was Ramon Doan.

Montclare, wondering if he had been recognized, turned and looked after his late friend. In another second he was hurrying at Doan's heels.

Ramon sprang suddenly to the edge of the pavement and hailed a passing cab. As the vehicle drew to the gutter he leaped across it, and saying a hasty word to the driver, was soon skurrying over the street.

Montclare was cleverly left in the lurch.

The cab rounded a corner and was out of sight before he recovered his self-possession.

"Got off, eh?" said a voice at Gilbert's ear in tones which whirled him instantly.

To his astonishment he stood face to face with a young woman.

"If you mean——"

"I mean the man who just got into the cab," was the interruption.

"You know him?"

"Ramon Doan, just married, I understand."

Gilbert looked with interest into the pretty, though very white face before him, and was about to speak when the woman continued:

"I dare say he thinks he is well rid of me," said she. "Ah, it's a long lane that turns not."

"Rid of you?" Gilbert could not keep back the exclamation that came to his lips.

"Yes, rid of me. Oh, it's no case of unrequited affection," and the girlish woman smiled. "I've never broken my heart for Ramon Doan. Do I look like it?"

"By my life, no!" cried Montclare.

"He owed my godfather a large sum of money when my godfather died, and now that he's married the woman in Lovelit place, where everybody has money, I'd like to get our own."

"Your godfather might whistle for the debt, if he were living even, though Ramon Doan has a wife."

"What! with the niece of Mrs. Stanley for a bride?" cried the girl.

"Yes, even with Marcella for a wife."

Blanche Golden looked nonplused.

"He promised to pay in full," she went on, when she had collected her thoughts. "He was with my godfather the night he died; perhaps he was the man who saw him last alive."

"How?" cried Gilbert. "Would you mind telling me?"

"To whom am I talking?" was the reply. "You may be one of his friends——"

"I am the very opposite," cut in Gilbert. "I would like to hear your story."

"It's not worth the telling," said the girl. "Still, if you would listen I'd tell it."

It did not take Montclare long to escort his strange companion to the parlor connected with his own lodgings, and there he waited for the promised narrative.

"I am, or was, the adopted daughter of Simon Goldfish, who had a little place in Temple street, where he loaned money and took various things in pawn."

"A Jew?"

"A Jew of Jews, though I myself am Gentile. The story of my life I never learned from Simon Goldfish's lips, for I never asked for it. I sometimes kept his accounts and thus became acquainted with the names of his borrowers. My godfather often took great risks, but seldom lost by the practice. He always contended there was honor even among thieves. He loaned right and left and if his books could be produced there would be commotion in certain circles in this town.

"Ramon Doan owed my godfather six thousand dollars. His promises were as many as bricks in a house, and his solemn oaths to pay were in keeping with his pledges. Simon Goldfish was found dead in his little place. He had not been in ill health. When sick, however, he always sent for Doctor Judas."

Gilbert started, and the girl, seeing this, paused and looked at him.

"Do you happen to know Doctor Judas?" she asked.

"I've met him," was the reply.

"A man who gives one the creeps with his strange little eyes. They say he deals in black magic."

"I wouldn't put it past him," observed Gilbert, recalling his interview with the little doctor.

"As I was saying, my godfather had not been ill, for I had left him that very night and he was in the best of humor. Why do I say that Ramon Doan must have been the last man to see him alive? It is a terrible suspicion. I was familiar with the place where Simon Goldfish kept his I. O. U's. He had no safe, but hid them in secret places in the room. The day after his death I went to the office. The door was locked; it had been locked by Doctor Judas, who had brought me the key. I took possession of all the notes and accounts I could find. They were all there but three."

"Ah," exclaimed Gilbert, deeply interested, "all but three, you say?"

"Yes, those were the papers which he held against Ramon Doan. I knew where they were kept. I had seen them time and again, but when I came to check the accounts those papers were not there."

A little silence fell between Gilbert and the girl.

"Mind you, I accuse no one," continued Blanche Golden. "I say those papers were not there. What became of them I don't know."

"Paid off maybe," suggested Gilbert.

"My godfather died before the wedding!" exclaimed Blanche with emphasis.

"When Ramon was without means to meet the debt?"

"Exactly. I wish he hadn't escaped me awhile ago. I would have faced him with the debt which still holds good even though the papers are missing. That's all."

The girl arose and walked across the room.

She was a pretty thing, with dark hair and sloe black eyes. Her figure was sylph-like and faultless, and Gilbert found himself admiring her in silence.

"Well," she suddenly exclaimed, whirling upon him. "You say you are no friend of Ramon Doan's. How stand you with Doctor Judas?"

"There's no love missing between us," confessed Gilbert with a laugh.

"We sail in the same boat, then," smiled the girl. "I will find Ramon Doan later on. And the dark-faced doctor must tell me what he discovered in my godfather's place."

"Think you he made a discovery there?"

"He did. He was the man who found Simon dead in his chair, and when he placed the keys of the little place in my hands he said that his discovery would some time make him a millionaire."

"What did he mean?"

"You must ask Doctor Judas," said the girl. "He came out of Simon's place with a weighty secret in his bosom."

CHAPTER XII.

HUSBAND AND WIFE AGAIN.

It was the sixth night after the marriage of Marcella that the door bell of the house in Lovelit place sent its tones throughout the hall.

Marcella, being in the corridor above, leaned over the banister and saw her aunt's maid open the door.

Ramon Doan's figure crossed the threshold, and the maid drew back with a low obeisance.

"Your mistress," said Ramon.

The girl opened the door leading into the parlor and disappeared. Marcella, with curiosity depicted on every lineament of her face, withdrew and went to her room.

Mrs. Stanley was seated in the parlor, the only occupant of the chamber. Her face lit up with pleasure the moment she recognized her visitor, and Ramon came forward and dropped into a chair on the opposite side of the table.

He was flushed to the temples as if laboring under some excitement, but his eyes were strangely set.

"How fares the lovely Mrs. Doan?" he asked with a little laugh in his voice.

"You are no nearer a happy husband now than the night of the wedding."

"She still holds out?"

"Yes. I dare not mention wifehood to her."

Ramon leaned across the table and rested a clinched hand thereon as he studied Madam's face for a full minute.

"Is there no way to bring my wife to terms?" he asked. "She needs discipline."

"More than that," was the reply. "It's the Steele blood."

"Steele blood or not!" almost hissed Ramon. "I have my rights."

"All husbands have rights," was the reply. "But you know the old saying: 'Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.'"

"Where is she?"

"In her room, perhaps."

Ramon rose to his feet, but the voice of Mrs. Stanley checked his evident move.

"You will only add fuel to the flame by meeting her," said the woman coolly.

"I can at least tell her that this game must end."

"And what good would it do to tell her that?"

"It would be supreme satisfaction. I must have money."

"How much?"

"I want five thousand. No, I don't want your money. I want hers."

"But I haven't told her yet."

"Not told her that she is an heiress, that she can command a million——"

"Oh, it's not that much. I have been greatly disappointed."

"How so?"

"I have discovered that my brother had secrets of his own, some poor investments."

"But he left Marcella funds which reached even then almost a million."

"He did, but——"

"What has become of her legacy?"


LOVE FOR WOMEN

Causes a Lady Physician of World-Wide Fame to Offer Women

FREE TREATMENT AND ADVICE

After devoting the best years of her life to the study and treatment of the diseases of women, Dr. Luella McKinley Derbyshire, the most widely known lady physician in the world, offers her services **FREE** to all who suffer with any of the ailments so common among women.

She will freely advise every suffering woman who will write her, giving them the benefit of her years of experience and her wonderful discoveries in the scientific treatment of all female diseases. She will also send you her valuable booklet "Woman's Ills," and a **FREE TRIAL TREATMENT** of the medicines she would recommend for you.

**SEND NO MONEY** but describe your case fully. All correspondence is confidential; you may write freely. Write **TODAY** and receive the Booklet and Trial Treatment **FREE.**

Dr. Luella McKinley Derbyshire,
Box 527. Fort Wayne, Ind.

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD. GUARANTEED. Booklet free. STEDMAN & CO., 152 STATE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

84 Cards for 10c 40 Best View Post Cards and 44 other good cards—The whole lot for only 10 cents postpaid. Send stamps or coin. WILLIAMS & CO., 3278 Archer Ave., Dept. 84, Chicago Ill.

Asthma CURE sent by express to you on Free Trial. If it cures send $1; if not, don't. Give express office. National Chemical Company, 736 Ohio Ave., Sidney, O.

LADIES We have the best Sanitary Adjustable Supporter made. Simple, durable, comfortable, clean and economical. None other like it. Write today for free booklet. OSCAR COPPAGE CO., Dept. 1, Louisville, Ky.

LUCKY STAR GRAPHOLOGY. Let me give you a reading from your Lucky Star and Hand writing. You will be amazed and mystified. Send 10c silver and 2 two-cent stamps with full name in own hand writing, birthdate in figures. Write today. Prof. B. Rnomyes, Box 155, Rochester, N. Y.

FITS CURED NO CURE NO PAY—In other words you do not pay our small professional fee until cured and satisfied. German-American Institute, 925 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME

Ventriloquists Double Throat Fits roof of mouth; always invisible; greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary and imitate birds and beasts of field and forest. LOADS OF FUN. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price only 10 cents; 3 for 25 cents or 12 for 50 cents. DOUBLE THROAT CO., DEPT. 2 FRENCHTOWN, N. J.

Watch, Ring and Chain GIVEN FOR SELLING POST CARDS

Our American made, stem wind watch with beautifully designed case, factory-tested, guaranteed for 5 years, and exquisite ring set with a brilliant stone are given to boys and girls for selling 20 packets of high grade art post cards at 10c a packet. Order 20 packets to-day. When sold, send us $2.00 and we will positively send you all ones the watch, ring and chain.

Palace Mfg. Co. Dept. 501 Chicago

BOYCE'S EXCHANGE

SALESMEN WANTED

SALESMEN WANTED. Splendid three-piece paint line; 20% commission. Address "Manufacturer," Box 565, Richmond, Va.

Try This Razor

FREE FOR ONE MONTH

We use it ourselves and know it's absolutely the BEST RAZOR EVER MADE AT ANY PRICE.

THE BLADE of this Razor is made of the FINEST INDIA BLUE STEEL and is STRONGER and KEENER than any other Razor made.

A $3.00 RAZOR ON CREDIT $2

We are anxious to have every man use this remarkable razor. That's why we make this REDUCED PRICE and GREAT FREE TRIAL OFFER. You can send us 50c with your order, or send 50c on receipt of razor, and then

Try it For One Month Free

and if you don't say it's the best razor you ever saw at any price, send it back to us and we will promptly return you the 50c. Or, if you want to keep it, send us the balance of $1.50 at the rate of 50c each month for three months. No matter how many razors you have, write today for this one on FREE TRIAL.

Some send 50c with their answer to this advertisement—Some don't—SUIT YOURSELF.

HARRIS-GOAR MFG. CO., 1179 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

THE SALOON KEEPER PAYS $1.50 A GALLON FOR WHISKEY

Why Should You Pay More When We'll Sell It to You at the Same Price?

We have been distillers and wholesalers for many years and have accumulated a large stock of whiskies. Many of our best customers have been forced into other lines by stringent saloon and local option laws, and we are forced to sell to the consumer direct. We want 100,000 consumer customers. We propose to sell to you cheaper than we did to the saloon keeper. We have cut off expensive traveling salesmen—we give no credit—take no chances. The whiskey we sold to the saloon keeper at $1.75 on credit. We can offer you at $1.50 for cash. This is the first time you ever had the opportunity to purchase fine whiskey of a reliable distiller for less than the saloon keeper has to pay.

REFERENCES: National Bank of the Republic, National Bank of Commerce, Commerce Trust Co.,—all of Kansas City, Mo., and all Express companies.

2 FULL GALLONS Fine, High-Grade $4.00 Whiskey, in 2 Glass Jugs, Same amount as is contained in 3 full quart bottles, or same amount as is contained in 16 full 16-ounce pint flasks, for only . . . . . $2.97

MONEY BACK WITHOUT A QUESTION IF NOT SATISFACTORY

Our Proposition: Send us $2.97 and we will send you, same day your order is received, in an unrecognizable package, 2 full gallons of fine, pure whiskey, rich and mellow. Try it and test it in any way you wish and if you do not find it to be the best whiskey you ever purchased at twice the price, send it back and we will return your money. Send P. O. Order, Express Money Order or Bank Draft. Do not send private checks. We cannot afford to pay exchange at the price we sell our goods at.

This is an unheard-of low price, but go to your saloon dealer and ask him what he pays per gallon for whiskey by the barrel in large quantities, for which he charges you 10 or 15 cents a drink, and if he tells you the truth you will find he pays from $1.40 to $1.50 a gallon. By this special offer you are enabled to buy in 2-gallon lots at the same price that your dealer pays in large quantities by the barrel. Why pay more? We quote in larger quantities:

5 Gallon Keg . . . $7.25 | 25 Gallon Half Barrel $33.50
10 Gallon Keg . . . 13.91 | 50 Gallon Barrel . . . 64.50

M. CALMAN DISTILLING CO. For purposes of privacy, address your letters and have all remittances made to M. CALMAN, President, 35 Calman Ave. KANSAS CITY, MO.

"That is a mystery."

It was evident that Ramon did not believe this woman.

"If my wife has even the tenth of a million I am entitled to some of it," said he. "What is it in?"

"Stocks and bonds."

"Negotiable bonds, I presume?"

"Some of them."

"And they are in your possession?"

Mrs. Stanley's face underwent a strange metamorphosis.

It grew waxen in hue and she seemed to shrink within herself like a tortoise.

"Give me five thousand!" said Ramon, "and I won't bother Mrs. Doan with my presence tonight."

"My dear Ramon——"

"No endearing adjectives if you please," interrupted Ramon. "I must have the money."

"Bonds are not easily negotiated at night."

"I'll run the risk of negotiation. I must have the sum named. It is imperative."

"My house not being a safe deposit for much wealth I have lately transferred the bonds to the custody of a dear friend. They are in the hands of Doctor Judas."

Ramon almost leaped from his cahir.

"In the hands of that daredevil?" he exclaimed.

"You are severe on the doctor."

"I have no love for the villain. I could throttle him with these hands and throw his carcass to the dogs."

"He has been of service to you," said Mrs. Stanley calmly. "He has assisted in making Marcella your wife."

"I hate, curse the doctor all the same! A villain of the deepest dye, a man who, if he had his just deserts, would have dangled at the end of a rope years ago."

you want the five thousand now or will you wait till it is ready for you?"

Ramon was speechless. The words on the paper, which had been taken from the box, seemed to be seared on his brain.

"I'll have his life for this!" hissed Ramon. "I will find and kill the viper of America!"

"Beware that the viper does not sting, too!" was the admonition.

Tne hand of Ramon dived toward the accusing paper, but Mrs. Stanley was the swifter, and the paper went back into the little black box.

"I'll see my wife now. You cannot keep her from me."

"One moment," said Mrs. Stanley coolly. "You have denied the truth as written on the paper."

"It is a lie, as black, as deep as the lightless pit!" he retorted. "It is the work of Doctor Judas. He has already flung the lie into my teeth. I mean to keep my bargain with you. You have told me that Mrs. Doan was heir to a million, and I agreed to share with you for helping me in my wooing. I—I——"

Ramon paused and looked across the room toward the door leading into the main hall.

"It was nothing," said Mrs. Stanley.

"Some one is out there," cried Ramon. "Have you placed a spy at the door, a spy in the garb of Doctor Judas?"

He started toward the door, his hands clinched till the nails bruised his palms, but midway he stopped and recoiled. The door had opened and framed by it in all her beauty and surpassing grace, stood Marcella, his wife!

The woman looked at him with eyes that seemed to strike, yet within them appeared a gleam of pity.

"Marcella——" cried Ramon, failing to keep back the word.

"Fool!" cried Mrs. Stanley.

"It would not be well perhaps," said the woman, "to throw such a declaration into the doctor's face."

"I'll do more than that one of these days!" cried Ramon, rising and pacing the floor. "But let's dismiss him, I want what I've come for, the five thousand."

Mrs. Stanley studied for a few seconds the face before her and then tapped a silver call-bell which stood on the table. The door opened and a maid appeared.

"Isis," said the lady, "bring me the little black box in my dresser. Here, take the keys."

The girl took the keys, which were extended, and vanished. Ramon's hopes soared to a high altitude.

Presently footsteps were heard in the hall and the girl returned, carrying a small, black-polished box, evidently of steel. She placed it on the table before her mistress and withdrew.

Ramon fastened his eyes on the box while Mrs. Stanley laid her jeweled hand lightly upon it.

"I must advise haste," said Ramon, unable to control his impatience.

Mrs. Stanley inserted into the lock a key with the most aggravating slowness while Ramon choked back the oath that rose to his lips.

"I shall give you all the box contains," she said looking up at him as she lifted the lid.

In another moment Ramon was leaning across the table, his eyes in a blaze and his face strangely pale.

One little paper lay in the bottom of the box.

Mrs. Stanley picked it up and spread it out before Ramon with the coolness of a Greek.

"Is that what you offer me?" he cried, falling back.

"Yes."

"What infamy, what plot is this?"

The woman merely smiled and continued to gaze into Ramon's face.

"It's a lie, a monstrous lie!" he exclaimed. "The deviltry of that dark-faced Borgia is at the bottom of this. It is the work of Doctor Judas!"

"Think you so?" asked Mrs. Stanley. "Do

"Marcella the deceived! Marcella the avenger!" was the reply as a white finger covered the silent couple in the room.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE SOUL OF RAMON DOAN.

A few days after the events of the last chapter, which recorded Ramon's visit to Mrs. Stanley and his demand for five thousand dollars, he might have been seen pacing the floor of his room like a caged tiger.

He was quite alone, but his face was pale and his eyes showed that he was laboring under some excitement which bore heavily on his nerves.

"They've united against me!" he suddenly exclaimed. "I've discovered this much anyhow. Gilbert Montclare and my wife have formed a conspiracy to cheat me out of my rights. If they fancy that I will sit down and tamely submit, they will discover that they are grossly mistaken. It is the trampled viper that has the deadliest sting."

He was about to quit the room when a footstep paused at his door, and he waited for the knock.

Answering the summons, he bade his visitor enter, and he stood face to face with Doctor Judas.

The little man came forward as he caught signt of Ramon, who regarded him with a scowl as he waited for him to speak.

"I've been out of the city," said the doctor, "and this is the first opportunity I've had of calling. I suppose you have the amount in hand?"

At this Ramon's face went very white and his hands clinched at his sides.

"I have not," he replied. "I have failed so far to lay my hands on the money."

"What sort of a wife have you?" smiled the doctor.

"One whom I cannot draw on," and Ramon's smile was as grim as any a human face ever wore.

"But she's got money to burn."

"Not for me to burn," snapped Ramon.

Doctor Judas allowed his eyes to wander for a moment from his companion, but they came back with added light.

"I asked for only five thousand," said he, "Under the circumstances you might as well have asked for a million."

"Did not Madam offer to help you? If your wife was obdurate, why not seek relief in the woman who controls, to some extent, your wife's fortune?"

"I saw Madam," returned Ramon through his teeth. "I did my business with her, not with that wife of mine."

"And failed?"

"Failed woefully. Not only that, but I was met with insult."

"From Mrs. Stanley?"

"From no one else," cried Ramon, as his brow darkened. "Doctor Judas, I demand to know whether you are not in league with Madam as against me?"

"In league with Madam against you?" was the echo.

"Yes. Listen to me. When I made the demand for five thousand, she sent her maid to her private chamber, and the girl came back with a black box."

"Yes," bowed Doctor Judas.

"My hopes rose pretty high at sight of the ebony box," continued Ramon. "She coolly opened the box and took out a piece of paper."

"Yes, a piece of paper," followed the little doctor, dropping his voice a bar.

"She might as well have taken out a six-shooter," grated Ramon.

"Ah! I do not comprehend."

"She spread the bit of paper on the table before me and I leaned forward to see what was on it."

"Now you interest me," cried the doctor. "There was something on the paper?"

"Yes, a terrible accusation."

"Against you?"

Ramon flushed and then grew pallid. He was watching the doctor like a hawk.

"It held the charge which you have made to me," he went on, speaking with bitterness.

"Oh, about old Goldfish?"

"Yes," exclaimed Ramon. "That was all I got for my demand for cash!"

Doctor Judas stroked his pointed beard and remained silent for half a minute.

"What happened next?" he asked.

"I need not tell you," said Ramon. "I came away without a dollar. Doctor Judas, I am at your mercy."

Ramon fell back in his chair and looked into the merciless face of the little man.

"You must try again," said Doctor Judas. "Your wife must be made to loosen her purse strings."

"For me? Impossible. I am husband in name only."

"You must find a way to break the beautiful Marcella," continued the doctor.

"Give me a pointer," cried Ramon, leaning forward. "I was led to believe that I would have a million at my command. Mrs. Stanley plotted with me for her niece's money. She assured me that I should have free use of Marcella's treasure box, and, as no doubt you know, I was to give her a percentage for helping me to a wife."

"Leo should have kept her word," said Doctor Judas.

"But she has not. She thrusts into my teeth that accusation which you have also spoken. You have no proof, doctor——"

"No proof!" cried the little man. "Simon Goldfish was killed, murdered, and by a man who owed him a sum of money. On the night of his death a young man, well-known in club circles, visited the old money shark."

Ramon did not reply.

"When the young man left old Simon's den there was a dead man in the place. The old Shylock had been choked to death by a pair of hands capable of performing the deed. It was well done. Not only this, but the notes given by this young man to Simon Goldfish cannot be found. His pretty goddaughter, who knew where the notes and I. O. U's were kept, has looked in vain for the three bits of paper. Do you know why she cannot find them?"

The cold eyes of Doctor Judas were fixed

(Continued on page fifteen.)


# Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey

## THE WORLD'S BEST MEDICINE!

## 6 Large Bottles, $5.50

**12 Large Bottles, $10.00.**

**4 Large Bottles, $3.80.** **One Large Bottle, $1.00.**

Shipped to any address in plain case, express paid, on receipt of order and price.

Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey must not be regarded as ordinary commercial whiskies. It is an absolutely pure distillation of malted grain. Its palatability and its freedom from injurious substances render it so that it can be retained by the most sensitive stomach. It has been the standard of purity and excellence for fifty years.

It is invaluable for overworked men, delicate women and sickly children. It strengthens and sustains the system; is a promoter of health and longevity; makes the old feel young and keeps the young strong.

It is a wonderful remedy in the treatment and cure of consumption, pneumonia, grippe, bronchitis, coughs, colds, malaria, low fevers, stomach troubles, and all wasting, weakened, diseased conditions, if taken in time.

Remit by express order, postoffice order or certified check to The Duffy Malt Whiskey Company, 103 White Street, Rochester, N. Y. References: Any Rochester Bank or Trust Company, Dun's or Bradstreet's Agency.

**SPANISH** Needles, Rods & Books, for locating Gold, Silver and Hidden Treasures. Fully Guaranteed. Booklet Free. Address. P. & M. AGENCY, 16 New St., Palmyra, Pa.

**25 Richest Holiday Post Cards 10c**

Most beautiful Santa Claus, Winter Scenes, Floral and other pretty designs in solid gold and silver background, embossed, silk finished, frosted, etc. Finest Christmas and New Year's Cards offered this year. Retailed everywhere 3 to 10c each. All prepaid for only 10c to introduce bargain catalog. Send today, your money back if not pleased. Agents wanted. SOUVENIR CO., 1464 Carroll Ave., CHICAGO.

**5.75** Im. **23 Jeweled Railroad**

watch, Stem Wind and Set. Gent's or Lady's size, **20 Year Gold Filled** design Hunting case, superbly engraved. An absolutely **accurate** timekeeper for **Railroad People** and others who require a reliable watch. **GUARANTEED FOR 20 YEARS.** SPECIAL OFFER: We will send this watch C. O. D. $5.75 and express charges, with privilege of full examination. If not found entirely satisfactory and as represented, don't pay one cent. Some unscrupulous dealers would probably charge you $25.00 for this very same watch. Fine Gold plated chain & charm free with each one. EXCELSIOR WATCH CO., 63 Athenaeum Bldg., CHICAGO

**GULF COAST Texas Land**

**$2 Per Acre Cash** balance easy monthly payments, buys a fruit and truck farm in the gulf coast country of Texas. No interest, no taxes. Possession when first payment is made. Five acres of this ground intelligently handled can be made to produce as much actual cash as 50 acres of northern or eastern land.

**FREE** Our publication "The Homefinder" sent free for six months to land buyers and farmers. It is full of carefully compiled information about gulf coast land, cost of fencing, plowing, farm implements, etc., what and when to plant. Be sure to send us your name before you buy land. A post card will do. Write Today.

PROVIDENT LAND CO., Dept X KANSAS CITY, MO.

**YOU CAN MAKE FROM $3 TO $12 A DAY**

You need no experience because we teach you everything and help you to get started. If now employed, you can work for us in your spare time and make more money than your regular wages amount to. Write and let us show you our line. We have over 2000 patented articles, all fast sellers. Cannot be bought in stores.

**WE WANT AGENTS** In Every County In the State

We will point the way to you how to make from $150 to $200 per month. Our goods are fully guaranteed, and we refund all money to any purchaser not perfectly satisfied. We start honest men and women in business on our capital. Samples of best sellers FREE. Write to-day for agency.

THOMAS MFG CO. 2517 Wayne Street DAYTON, OHIO

**25 CHRISTMAS CARDS 10c**

The above illustrations are taken from our line of beautiful Holiday Cards, lithographed in colors from new and original designs. Twenty-five of these beautiful cards mailed for only 10 cents.

Twenty artistic cards, still more beautiful with rich gold or silver background, extremely handsome, postpaid, for 10 cents.

Fifteen extra quality Christmas Cards, in many colors and gold and silver. Richly embossed on extra fine quality of card board, sure to please you, 10 cents.

Ten magnificent Christmas Cards, all different, in rich colors and gold wave finish. Embossed and absolutely the very choicest cards we make. Easily worth 25 cents. Our price only 10 cents.

JAS. LEE, Dept. 350, Clinton Street, Chicago

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the post-office at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

BY W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**

Single subscriptions to The Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Post-office or Express Money Order payable to The Chicago Ledger. Subscription price in Canada $1.50 a year. We do not send receipts for money paid on subscriptions; the address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

**BACK NUMBERS.**

Back numbers of the Ledger can be had by addressing this office. Always give the numbers desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address, and your order will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents per copy.

**BEWARE OF STRANGERS.**

The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of the Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

**ADVERTISING RATES.**

The advertising rate is $1.50 per Agate Line per issue. About eight words to a line, 14 lines to an inch. This price also includes insertion of the advertisement in THE SATURDAY BLADE. THE BLADE and LEDGER together have a circulation of

750,000 COPIES WEEKLY

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO
THE CHICAGO LEDGER
CHICAGO, ILL.

## GENTLE JABS.

Farming is lots of fun—unless you have to do it in order to make a living.

Some people do not try to reach the top because they consider the bottom safer.

It costs Illinois heavily in blood and tears to be one of the great coal producing States of the union.

Our idea of a strong-minded man is one who says only printable things when he slips on a banana peel.

Every married man knows how much easier it is to deceive himself than it is for him to deceive his wife's mother.

At the same time it is a good idea to buy your Christmas presents early, whether you do any Christmas shopping or not.

Kentucky takes occasion to report the largest tobacco crop in its history. That's *how Kentucky is plugging along this year.*

You may have observed that the last lingering flies of autumn are feeble and sluggish, with an unfortunate tendency to drop into the soup.

The spectacle of Congress going to work heroically to cut down the national expenditures $50,000,000 or so would be almost worth working up into a thrilling lyric.

Under the new law of Germany any person killing a song bird of any species can be fined as high as $5 and sent to jail for as long as two months. No person is permitted to cage a songbird other than a canary. Any boy throwing missiles at a bird or taking away its eggs or nest can be severely punished. Such a law is needed in America.

All who have had the good fortune to ride in an aeroplane unite in their description of their first sensation. There is no jerk in starting, though the machine may leap forward with a powerful swoop. Then comes—with some—a brief sense of nausea, a feeling as if the ground were dropping away from beneath.

A slight thrust of a lever lifts the flying machine's head, the ground drops away still faster. Then, as the aeroplane soars higher, its occupant's eyes adjust themselves to the proper focus, and the surface of the earth below seems to be ripping past at railway speed.

By this time, according to an expert in aviation, you have forgotten the clack of the noisy motor, the flap and whir of the propellers, the grinding of the chain and sprocket gear that drives them. All vibration has practically ceased, and you float along with a sense of springy ease and buoyancy such as you can gain from no other means of locomotion. That you are flying fast you know only from the roar of the wind in your ears and the slight difficulty you have in filling your lungs with air—the same sensation one gets in racing against the wind in an automobile on a good highway.

Then comes the first turn. The machine rises to it, taking its own angle sideways, just as an automobile leans on the banked curve of a racing track. You have no sense of leaning sideways, though—no feeling that you must tilt yourself as you do when an automobile turns a corner, for you sit upright, the aeroplane slanting of its own volition to the necessary angle, and slanting you with it.

A glass of water set on the floor of the flyer could be carried round curve after curve and still not lose a drop.

# In African Jungles;

## *Or, A Girl's Fight for Honor*

### *By Colonel Alfred B. Tozer.*

[Copyright 1909 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 45, November 6. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN the moon shone out again the hippo was heard making for the river. The heavy tread of the beast seemed to make the earth quiver.

For an instant Bement hesitated about approaching the scene of the tragedy.

Clellie was on the ground in a faint, and Susie was bending over her, too excited to realize the peril from prowling beasts.

Finally Bement stepped forward and peered toward the spot where Norman had made his stand against the advancing animal.

The bushes were trampled and the earth torn up in places, but there was no sign of what he had dreaded to see there. If the hippo had indeed killed Norman, he must have dragged the body with him to the river.

There was blood on the undergrowth, and Bement knew that it would not be safe for the little party to remain there. The scent would draw hungry beasts to the spot.

Reluctantly he left the scene and turned back to the girls.

"Come," he said, "we must not remain here."

"Where is father?" demanded Clellie, who was now sitting up, gazing about with frightened eyes. "I'm not going without father."

"We must find him at another time," replied Bement. "He probably had to run for it, as the clouds interfered with his shot. He may get to camp before we do."

A roar, like heavy thunder, now shook the trees, or seemed to, so resounding it was, and the low cry of a leopard came from a thicket not far away.

"It is death to remain here," declared Bement. "Come!"

It was an agitated party that gained the camp.

The native who had been with Mr. Norman in New York aroused the carriers and explored the jungle, carrying torches, which made the moonlight look pale and insipid. Before the flaming flambeaux the wild creatures slunk away into the jungle, but the natives knew that they were not far away.

After an hour the search was abandoned, and the natives returned to the camp inconsolable. The carriers shook their heads and whispered together.

"What is to be done now?" asked Bement.

"Nothing more can be done," was Bamali's sad reply.

"Is it certain that Mr. Norman is dead?"

"I am afraid so, though there is the chance that he might have escaped and fled into the jungle, not taking the right direction."

"But in that case the carriers must have found him."

"That is not a sure thing. After running for a time he, wounded as he probably was, would fall to the ground, unable to proceed further, and you must know what that would mean."

"It would mean death?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Poor Clellie!" cried Bement.

After some further talk, the native moved away, turning back to say:

"We must start back in the morning."

"Why not proceed?"

"Because no one in the party knows the exact location of the diamond mine he sought."

Bement was silent for a long time. To return meant to place himself in the power of the officers. At that time the jungle seemed the only safe place. The native went away to arrange for the retreat and Bement sought the girls.

The three talked over the situation for a long time, until the campfire died down to embers, and the carriers, save those who had been left on guard, were sound asleep. Clellie was inconsolable for the loss of her father, still, she was brave and resourceful. She did not wish to return to Mruli at once.

"If we leave the jungle now," she said, "we shall leave behind us all hope of rescuing father, if he is still alive. If we keep on, the natives will find some trace of him."

This was good reasoning, and Susie agreed with it. Bement had his own reasons for not turning back—reasons which have already been given.

"The only difficulty that I see," he said, "lies with Bamali, the native leader, who is already arranging to retreat. However, he was much attached to Mr. Norman, and the view of the case you present may induce him to go on. The carriers seem anxious to return, but he may be able to persuade them to remain with us. The natives appear to be superstitious, and they predict all sorts of trouble for any party which does not turn back on the death of the employer."

"But it is not certain that father is dead," said Clellie; "tell them that. I am sure that he has, in some manner, reached a place of safety, and that we shall find him if we proceed."

"We'll have to talk that over with Bamali," said Bement.

Bamali was unapproachable at first. He declared that the white people might keep on if they saw fit to take the risk, but that he should return to Mruli with the carriers. Clellie insisted that her father was not dead, and asserted that it would be cowardly to leave him there in the jungle.

"I don't know how, or when," she said, "but I am sure that we shall come upon my father if we keep on."

At length Bamali consented to remain in the vicinity for a few days and search for the missing man, though this concession was granted only after long arguments, in which his loyalty to Norman was appealed to.

The mountains at the north end of Lake Rudolf did not appear to be very far away, when the sun rose over the jungle in the morning, and Bement held another long talk with the obdurate leader.

"If Norman is still alive," he urged, "he is making for the mountains toward which we were traveling. If he is wounded and in the care of a friendly native, he will send out to find us. Now, he won't send back to this camp, but will instruct his messengers to proceed along the route marked out for our journey. Therefore, instead of remaining here, we ought to continue our march toward the head waters of the lake."

After much urging, Bamali consented to go on, but refused to cover more than a few miles each day. So the party proceeded slowly toward the mountains, now only a short distance away.

They were now following the basin of the Juba River. The way was less choked by undergrowth than that over which they had passed, but the tough elephant grass was in evidence everywhere. Lions and elephants were plentiful, and leopards; and hippopotami and rhinoceros trails were encountered hourly.

One day at noon, the usual hour for camping, they came to the foot of the first low line of hills that crept down from the mountains they sought. They made a camp on an elevation a hundred feet or more above the level of the plain.

After camping details had been arranged, Bamali motioned to Bement to step aside.

They stood on a high shoulder of the hill, overlooking the valley and plain for miles. There were few trees near the spot, and the undergrowth was scanty. Elephant grass was waving in the wind along the line they had followed.

Bamali pointed out to the north.

"Look there," he said:

Bement looked, and wondered what the native saw that he could not see.

"What is it?" he asked.

"A trail."

"Yes, we came in that way."

Bamali faced him about.

"We came in that way," he said.

"And this other trail? It is fresh—as fresh as our own!"

Bement saw what was in the mind of the native.

"What do you make of it?" he asked.

"Some one is here ahead of us."

"But the trail we see may have been made by elephants."

Bamali passed him his field glass, which he had been given by Norman.

"Look again," he said.

"No," said Bement, slowly, "the trail could not have been made by animals, unless you have animals here that build campfires."

Bamali looked troubled, his face set and stern.

"Either the officers or the diamond men are here," he said.

"But I don't see——"

"We came in by a long route," the native interrupted, "and we have traveled slowly. Anyway, they are here. Perhaps one party, perhaps more than one."

**Most old** people must give the bowels gentle, constant help. One candy Cascaret each day does that. Harsh physic, taken regularly, makes the bowels callous. Cascarets do not. Nearly all old people now use this natural, gentle help.

Vest-pocket box, 10 cents—at drug-stores. 854
Each tablet of the genuine is marked C C C.

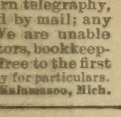
**$2 A DAY** can be made at home during spare time, tinseling Postcards. Easy work. Samples and advice 10c. ART CARD CO., 43G, Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y.

**15** FINEST EMBOSSED POST CARDS High Grade in colors and gold. Choice selection. No two alike, including New North Pole cards, latest out. Worth five cents each. **10c**
O. E. WHEELERS, Dept. 15, Creedmore, N. C.

**PROTECT YOUR IDEAS** We share risk of patent application. Free Booklet. MILO B. STEVENS & CO., Established 1864, 809 14th St., Washington, D.C. — 356 Monadnock Block, Chicago

**SURPRISE POST CARD PACKAGE**
Ten beautiful sample cards and our big FREE offer. Just to introduce we send all for 3 cts postage. Send
POST CARD HOUSE, 284 BROADWAY, SPRINGFIELD MASS.

**GOLD TEETH** THE LATEST FAD FILL your own teeth. A Gold finished shell that fits any ones teeth. Easily adjusted; removed at will. Looks like regular dentists' work. Fools them all. Over two million sold. Everybody wants a gold tooth. Price 10 cents each, 4 for 25 cents, 13 for 50 cents.
D. D. FARGO, FRENCHTOWN, N. J.

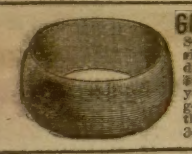


**MENDING TISSUE.** The Wonder of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents; three packages, 25 cents. Address
PENN PUBLISHING CO. PARNASSUS, PA.

**WANTED** Young men and women to learn telegraphy, bookkeeping and shorthand by mail; any one can learn it easily in a few weeks. We are unable to supply the demand for telegraph operators, bookkeepers and stenographers. One course given free to the first person applying from your locality. Write today for particulars.
Michigan Business Institute, 61 Institute Bldg., Kalamazoo, Mich.

**TOBACCO HABIT CURED**
Mrs. J. Kay, Room Z, 161 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill., will send absolutely free prescription for her inexpensive and harmless Tobacco cure, which has cured thousands of the tobacco habit. Any druggist can put it up.

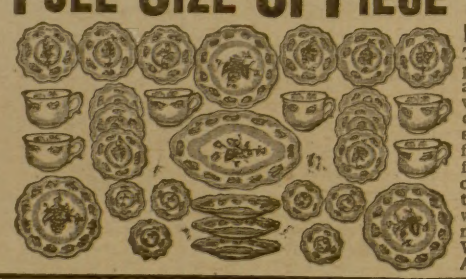
**Get 10% for Your Money**
ANY SUM FROM $25 TO $500.
If you want to know how to do this, where your money will be perfectly safe, where you will get 2½% quarterly, and where you can withdraw your investment at any time, write to CLINTON BROWN, Mgr.,
716 Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.



**GOLD WEDDING RING FREE**
Send for 10 packages of our beautiful silk and gold embossed post cards to distribute at 10c each. Return us the $1 when collected and we will send you by return mail this very fine 14K gold filled heavy band ring, not the cheap kind. Address R. F. MOSER, 341 Household Bldg., Topeka, Kas.

**WETO GRAPH** SECRET WRITING SYSTEM
Every lover and every one who writes letters should have a Weto Graph. It is a system of secret sign writing for correspondence, etc. If you have a Weto Graph you can preserve recipes, secret memorandum, addresses, or information you do not want anyone to find out. You can write to your friends on a postal and no one can find out what you have written. Lots of fun to have a Weto Graph. Don't miss it. Send 10 cents and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address
PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.

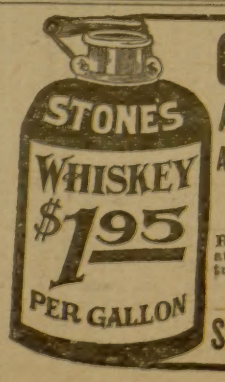
**FULL SIZE 31 PIECE DINNER SET FREE**
FOR SELLING POST CARDS



This is a Full Size Dinner Set consisting of 31 pieces. Every piece is handsomely decorated with a bunch of violets in natural colors and bordered with pretty design in gold. The decorations are durable and will last forever. The entire set consists of perfect pieces and are selected from our first grade. We give this beautiful Dinner Set for selling only 35 packages of high grade art post cards at 10c per package. Send for the cards today. When sold send us the $3.50 and the dishes will be sent you promptly. There are positively no more sales to be made for this complete set. We Guarantee satisfaction or refund your money.
ALTON WATCH CO., DEPT. 601, CHICAGO.

**BIG SPECIAL JEWELRY CATALOGUE FREE**
If you intend to buy a watch or a diamond, or silverware or jewelry of any kind, and if you want to buy it at half your home jewelry dealers' price, then send us a postal or letter saying "SEND ME YOUR FREE SPECIAL JEWELRY CATALOGUE" and by return mail we will send you our great and wonderful watch, jewelry and silverware catalogue, which describes a magnificent assortment of 5000 WATCHES AT 87c up, Elgin, Waltham, etc., and a bewildering assortment of exquisite articles of jewelry comprising everything sold in large city jewelry stores. We are real headquarters for silverware, solid and plated, at wonderfully low prices; marvelously cut prices on lamps, clocks, cut glass, etc. We also present complete lines of SPECTACLES, FIELD and OPERA GLASSES, microscopes, thermometers, and optical goods of all kinds at half your home dealers' prices. Write today for our great Jewelry Catalogue and see our beautiful illustrations, our liberal trial offers, and unparalleled cut prices. If you need CHINAWARE, tableware or crockery of any kind write for our Free Special Crockery Catalog and see the thousands of wonder bargains; Dinner Sets $3.00 up, Toilet Sets $1.37 up, fancy China of all kinds.
JOHN M. SMYTH CO. 150-207 W. Madison St. CHICAGO

**GREATEST OFFER YET**




A GALLON STONE'S EXTRA PRIME WHISKEY AS GOOD AS ANY $4.00 WHISKEY..... $1.95
Positively not more than 3 gallons at this price.
We make this great offer to get our whiskey introduced. Absolutely Pure, Rich and Mellow. Taste it, and if it is not the best whiskey you have ever had at double the price, send it back at our expense and your money will be returned by first mail. We do not ship C. O. D. or on credit.
Reference—National Bank of Commerce, Kansas City, Mo., or any express company.
STONE MERCANTILE CO., 37 Stone Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

"Well," replied Bement, grimly, "if it is the officers, I'll not go back. I'll fight it out."

"I could have them murdered in their beds," said Bamali.

Bement pondered long before making any reply.

He had rather admired bluff old Kilrain in Chicago, and did not wish him to come to harm. Kalkenbrenner had befriended him, and he should not be murdered if it could be prevented. Morris, the rival diamond man, had been friendly, and it was not in the cards that he should be sacrificed.

"I wish," he said, after a time, "that you would have our camp guarded closely. If there are others here, we must watch them. It will never answer to assume the aggressive, for they have carriers and hunters, too, and a battle between tribesmen might precipitate a war which would cost thousands of lives."

Bamali nodded.

"It shall be as you say," he said.

He knew his power and his responsibility, and was not inclined to bring about a conflict.

"And now," returned Bement, "let us speak of the issue that brought us here. Do you know where the diamond mines are?"

Bamali smiled shrewdly.

"I can take you to the place," he said, "where Mr. Norman found a great gem. I do not know whether that is the place he sought," he added.

"But if it was he who came in here ahead of us, wouldn't he go there?"

"He might do so."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### IN THE GREAT CRATER.

"And even if he did not remain there, he would be apt to leave some sign betraying his presence?"

"That is my idea."

"How far is that place from here?"

"We will rest today and sleep tonight. Then in the morning we will go to it."

"Leaving the girls here?"

"With the carriers," replied Bamali.

That was a long day for the impatient young man, and a longer night, though he was astir at dawn.

He believed that Norman had escaped from the hippo, that he had secured the assistance of friendly natives not connected with his party, and gone on to the mountains at swift pace in order to get in ahead of Morris.

He was certain that Bamali believed in this theory, also, for many a night while in camp the native had spent hours in the jungle, or in the tall elephant grass, looking for tracks of the missing man. Often he had returned from these expeditions with a satisfied look on his face.

When questioned he would only smile and shake his head. Bement got the notion that the fellow believed himself to be protecting the interests of his master in keeping his lips closed on the subject, and did not urge him to talk. So it was that at this time the young man believed that Bamali would lead him to Norman, busy with his diamond hunting.

For fear of arousing false hopes in the breast of Cleilie, he had not mentioned his theory to the girl, therefore, he was planning a great surprise for them.

Taking provisions for one day, well armed, and protected by a couple of natives carrying repeating rifles, the two set out for the place where the diamond had been found.

"When we return," Bement said to the girl at parting, "we may have some good news for you. Remain close to the camp, and keep your revolvers handy. The wild animals will not trouble you, but the natives may. They are a rough lot, in the absence of their leader."

For hours the climb was steadily upward. When at last they left the hills, they crossed a ledge a few hundred yards in width and came to the rocky wall of an aclivity several hundred feet high.

Winding this way and that, clutching projecting points of rock, digging their fingers into fissures, the two men finally came to the ridge of the elevation. The guards trailed along behind them.

When Bement at last stood up on the ridge he looked down into what seemed to be a cup in the top of the mountain.

The whole elevation was of volcanic creation, and the crater of the volcano lay before them. It was a circular pot six hundred feet across at the top and about as deep. The bottom, which was covered here and there with a tangled growth of bushes and vines, was broken into pits and fissures, as if there had been many points from which the lava had issued forth.

The sides were steep, and after a few feet of descent the two were obliged to slide along on their hands and feet. In their progress they frequently came to little caves in the mighty cylinder, where the soil had been washed out by rains, leaving lairs in which wild beasts of large size might hide.

At last they gained the bottom, their clothing torn, their hands wounded by the sharp rocks. Bement threw himself down on a smooth rock to rest.

"If we should come upon a leopard or a lion here," he said, wiping the sweat from his face, "we should have to do some pretty good shooting if we ever got out again."

After a short rest Bamali led the way to deep depression at the center of the cup. It was easy getting to the rocky floor below, for the sides were rough and easy of descent. When both were down, Bamali stooped and lifted a huge chunk of hard blue earth.

There seemed to be more of the same sort below it, and Bement threw up his hands and shouted.

It certainly resembled the blue earth so common in the Kimberley district.

He kicked away the soil which had gathered about the place from which the lump of blue earth had been taken, and pried up more of the stuff.

There seemed to be a column of it there in the earth. He brushed the soil away from it and it stood up like a shaft of blue rock.

"That," he said, excitedly, "is the diamond-producing earth! Unless the pipe which we see falls short of the center of fire and pressure below, there ought to be plenty of gems here!"

"It was in a piece of earth like that," said Bamali, pointing to one of the lumps lying on the surface, "that Mr. Norman found the large gem."

"Why didn't he remain and develop the mine?" asked Bement.

"Because there was a—what do you call it—a convulsion of nature here. The holes you see about here opened like lips, and hot steam and melted stones came out. The whole place shook—shook like a leaf when the wind blows it. We hastened away."

"But the cup remains," said Bement. "The convulsion could not have changed surface conditions here."

Bamali indicated an opening in the side of the pocket they were in.

"That," he explained, "was one deep well when we were last here. Now look! It is full of this blue earth. Almost to the top it is full."

Bement understood what had taken place. As he hoped, the pipes which opened out in the great circular depression seemed to extend down to the very heart of the sealed volcano below. At the time of Norman's visit, there had been a disturbance in the inner fires, and the pipes had "blown," as the diamond miners say, and filled with earth.

"There are diamonds here, all right," he declared, in a moment," and we'll go back and bring the party in. If we gain possession, the others will have to keep out. Anyway, this is a fine place for a camp."

Bamali, who had been looking over the ground while Bement had been speaking, now sprang forward and lifted something from a cluster of rocks.

"This," he said, "is like the one the master found here."

"It was an immense diamond? A diamond like that?"

Bement grasped the stone and examined it carefully. There was no doubt about it. The value of the gem was something like one hundred thousand dollars.

"You're a lucky man!" he cried, handing it back to the native.

"It is not for me," was the reply. "It is for the master!"

"You are also a very honest man!" continued Bement.

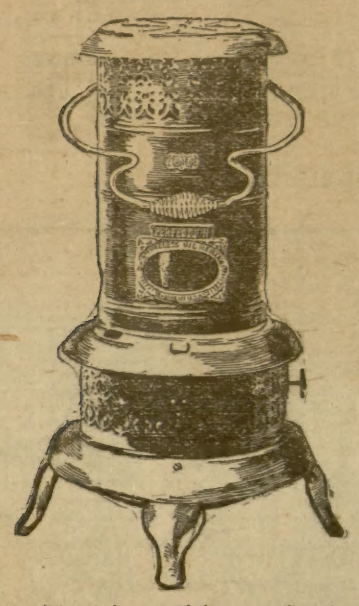
The native smiled, but said nothing.

The two men, all excitement now, searched over every inch of the cup they were in. There no more diamonds were found. But the main point had been proven. There were diamonds in the volcanic pipes.

Bement thought of all the find meant for him, and fairly danced with joy. With plenty of money in his possession he might return to Chicago and prove his innocence of the crime with which he was charged. with wealth he might explore the Dark Continent to his heart's content. With the proceeds of one diamond sale he might scour the jungles until he solved the mystery of the girl in white!

"Well," he said, after the search had been

(Continued on page eleven.)

# Only One

There is only One Oil Heater for the housekeeper who wants the Best.

By best is meant thorough, all-around work and faultless efficiency down to the smallest detail.

This work must be performed day after day without fuss and fume and without smoke.

## PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

No other oil heater in the world has attained the high heat efficiency and the sure smokeless performance reached by this splendid achievement of modern science.

Turn the wick up as high as it will go—there's no smoke—as low as you please, there's no smell—no fuss.

In raising, the wick is checked before it reaches the point at which it would smoke, by the new, quickly-removed

## Automatic Smokeless Device

The flame is at its zenith of power, when the wick is locked, thus getting the heater's full capacity.

The heat is as cleanly as that which comes from a steam radiator—and more certain. You may have it just where you want it—beside the window—in the library—in the bath room or in the living room.

Brass font holds 4 quarts of oil—burns 9 hours. Finished in nickel or Japan. Various styles and finishes. Damper top—cool handle—aluminum window frame.

Every Dealer Everywhere. If Not At Yours, Write for Descriptive Circular to the Nearest Agency of the

**STANDARD OIL COMPANY**

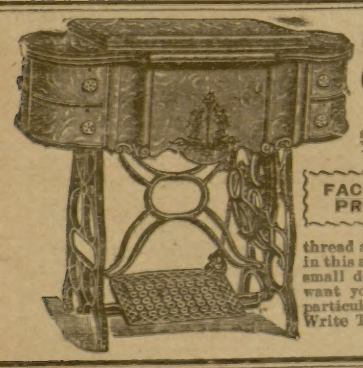
(Incorporated)

**EYE DISEASES CURED**

**TRY MY TREATMENT 15 DAYS**

**It will cost you nothing unless satisfied.** I am curing thousands of people afflicted with Weak Eyes, Sore Eyes, Granulated Lids, Wild Hairs, Cataracts, Eye Strain, Scums, Floating Spots, Blurring of Sight and all Eye Diseases. **Don't wear glasses.** Don't suffer. Just write me describing your eye troubles. I'll send a full course of my mild home remedies, **all charges prepaid,** with splendid eye cup for 15 days use. If you are not satisfied to continue, you pay me nothing. Don't put this off. Write me today.

DR. W. O. COFFEE, Dept. 525, Des Moines, Ia



**$1.00 A MONTH** BUYS THIS SEWING MACHINE.

We will sell you a high-grade, drop-head, Sew Easy Sewing Machine for $1.00 a month. We guarantee each machine for Ten years. We ship direct from the factory. We do not sell to stores and we have no agents. We can save you fully one-half. You get the machine at once and use it while you are paying for it and it only costs you about 3 cents a day. We have many special features in our machine such as short needles which don't break easily. Our shuttles hold half again as much thread as the old spring tension shuttle. We can't tell all the good points in this advertisement, and we couldn't afford to send you a machine on the small dollar a month plan unless we gave big value and low prices. We want you to write us today, saying: "Please send me circulars and full particulars about your 'dollar a month' Sewing Machine offer."

FACTORY PRICES

SAVE FULLY ONE HALF

Write Today. Address SHEFFIELD MFG., CO., Dept. 5, 1421 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

**YOU CAN MAKE IN YOUR OWN HOME LIQUORS AT ONE-HALF THE DEALERS' PRICES**

It's as simple as "A-B-C." So easy! No Cooking—No Distilling! No Apparatus Whatever Required. Anyone can do it with ALCO.

Whiskey dealers clean up millions in profits yearly. We tell you how to save the dealers' profit, as others are doing. We send flavors for

**SIX (6) FULL QUARTS LIQUOR FOR $1.00**

Liquors made of ALCO are of the highest quality. Guaranteed under the National Pure Food Law. ALCO makes imitation Bourbon, Rye, Malt, Scotch, and Irish Whiskey, Gins, Cognac, Peach, Apple, Apricot, Banana and Raspberry Brandy, Cocktails, Rum and Creme-de-Menthe. Send us $1.00 for flavors for 6 FULL QUARTS in plain package prepaid—for 12 full quarts, $1.50—for 24 full quarts, $2.75. All one kind or assorted. Booklet of distillers' secrets free. Address:

**National Sales Co. Distributers, 202 Reynolds St., Cincinnati, O.**

**500 CATARRH Treatments To be Given Away Free**

You are troubled with that loathsome and dangerous disease, Catarrh. You have longed for relief. You have wanted to be rid of the hawking, spitting, the foul breath, the constant annoying discharge from the nose, the disgusting dropping of mucus into the throat. You have been told a cure was impossible. You have tried doctors and various methods only to meet with failure.

I come to tell you that CATARRH CAN BE CURED. Right in your own home by means of an easy, painless, unfailing method, you may be cured. You can rid yourself of all the discomforts, the annoyances, the loathsomeness of Catarrh. The disease is all of these things, as you will learn by sad experience, if you have not already done so. It always has a small beginning, but it encroaches steadily, persistently, relentlessly, until the vital organs of the body are attacked, and you face pain, lingering torture and death.

I have cured thousands. I can cure you if you come to me before it is too late.

I have decided to distribute 500 free treatments **absolutely without charge,** to Catarrh sufferers. I want you to see my method, know what I have done for others. My life has been spent in the study of CATARRH, its Causes and Cure. Now I offer to share with you my experience and knowledge of the subject. I have been successful. I want YOU to profit by my success by taking advantage of my offer—a free treatment for Catarrh, gladly given to sufferers from the disease.

Don't delay. Write immediately. A postcard, with your address upon it, sent off NOW will secure one of the free treatments. An envelope containing your address put in this mail will bring you what you have longed for, but despaired of—a cure for Catarrh. Tomorrow may be too late. Be one of the fortunate people to get one of these free treatments for Catarrh. Write right now.

**Catarrh Specialist Sproule, 306 Trade Building, Boston.**

**PATENTS $55,** 8 months to pay; highest references; book free. A. J. Wedderburn, Jr., Patent Att'y, Washington, D. C.

**MOTHERS** Bed Wetting cured. 25 cent package FREE. C.H. ROWAN. Dept. 62, London, Can.

**AUCTIONEERS** MAKE BIG MONEY. Next 4 weeks' term opens Jan. 3. CARPENTER'S COLLEGE, Trenton, Mo.

**Every Woman Glad** who sends 2c stamp for our new catalog of indispensable family articles, Toilet necessities, drugs, etc. Webster Rubber Specialty Co., B 40, Chicago

**ELECTRICIAN AND MECHANIC.** Best practical monthly for all interested in electricity and mechanical work! $1 00 yearly; four recent numbers 20c. Sampson Pub. Co., 1196 Beacon Bldg., Boston, Mass.

**$3.20 GOLD WATCH.** Triple plate, 20 year Jeweled movement. Sells in stores at $10. By mail $3.20, or C. O. D. express examination $3.70. UNION WATCH CO., 134 Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill.

**ELECTRIC Search-Light** Magnetic Dip Needles for Miners and treasure seekers (guaranteed). Sold and rented. Circular, 1 cent; sealed, 2 cents. STAR MFG. Co., Dept. 4, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

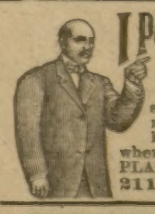
**THE WHO PUZZLES.** Sixteen in one box. Ideal Xmas gift for your boy. Keep him busy all winter. Prizes for shortest solutions. Puzzles and prize offers for 25 cents. Address Dept. B, Prize Puzzle Co., Oshkosh, Wis.

**FOY'S BIG BOOK, MONEY IN POULTRY** And Squabs. Tells how to start in small and grow big. Describes largest pure-bred Poultry Farm in the world and gives a great mass of useful information about poultry. Lowest prices on fowls, eggs, incubators and brooders. Mailed for 4c. F. Foy, Box 16, Des Moines, Iowa

**GET MORE FOR YOUR FUR** Sell us your furs, ginseng and hides. We pay more for them than any other buyer in any other town or city in the world. Furs or hides bring from 10 to 50 per cent. more here than if you send them elsewhere and twice what you can get at home, no matter where you live. If you trap or buy fur send today for our big free catalogue, trappers' guide and market report. Free for the asking and worth many $$ to you. Write today; this advertisement may not appear again. CORRY HIDE & FUR COMPANY, P. O. Box No. K27 CORRY, PA.

**BIG CHRISTMAS Offer!**

This ad and $2.95 buys gold finished Watch, Cameo Pin and Signet Ring. Ladies' or gents' guaranteed watch, Cameo scarf pin and signet ring. Orders filled promptly on receipt of order. BOND WATCH & JEWELRY CO. Chicago, Ill., Dept. 10.



**I POINT THE WAY TO SUCCESS** to ANYONE who will follow my course. I have shown thousands HOW TO MAKE MONEY. I can show YOU. My goods and business methods have lifted mortgages, built homes and scattered prosperity everywhere. Write today for the "SAYMAN PLAN" and FREE SAMPLES. Address 211 Sayman Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

**SOLAR LIGHTS SAVE MONEY.** SALESMEN WANTED.—Large profits. Make $200 a month selling Solar Lighting Systems for Stores, Dwellings, Streets, etc. Free Catalog. Write today. CHICAGO SOLAR LIGHT CO., 208 South Jefferson Street, Chicago, Ill.

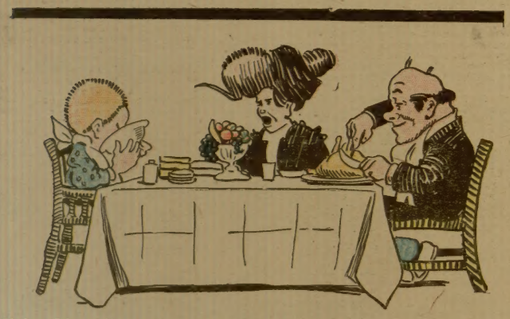
**4 Rings Free** Not the cheap kind; warranted to wear. Just send us your name and we will send you 12 packs Gold and Silver Finished Art Postals to sell at 10c a pack. When sold send us $1.20 and we will send you these four rings. Extra premium if ordered now. Great Western Ring Co. Dept H 1 OMAHA, NEB.

## AN EXCELLENT REMEDY

### Will Break Up a Cold in Twenty-four Hours and Cure Any Cough That is Curable.

The following mixture is often prescribed and is highly recommended for coughs, colds and other throat and bronchial trouble: Mix two ounces of Glycerine, a half ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure, and eight ounces of pure Whisky. These can be bought in any good drug store and easily mixed together in a large bottle. The genuine Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure is prepared only in the laboratories of the Leach Chemical Co., Cincinnati, and put up for dispensing in half-ounce vials.


## FORETHOUGHT.



Mother—Johnny, if you eat so much now, you won't have any room left for the nuts and candy and all the other good things that are coming.

Johnny—Don't worry, maw. I'm savin' my neck for all that.

### Revenge is Sight.

The druggist danced and chortled till the bottles danced on the shelves.

"What's up?" asked the soda clerk, "have you been taking something?"

"No," gurgled the dope dispenser ecstatically. "But do you remember when your water pipes were frozen last winter?"

"Yes; but what——"

"The plumber who fixed them has just brought in a prescription to be filled."


### A Fine Kidney Remedy.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock (clothing dealer), 886 Carrier Building, East Hampton, Conn., says if any reader afflicted with a kidney or bladder trouble will write to him he will direct them to the splendid home remedy he so successfully used. He is glad to do *this and does not wish you to send him* money.


### His Retort.

His Wife (during the spat)—Oh, I wish I were a man!

Her Husband—I don't. If you were I'd feel duty bound to mop up the floor with you.


### FREE DEAFNESS CURE.

A remarkable offer by one of the leading ear specialists in this country, who will send two months' medicine free to prove his ability to cure Deafness, Head Noises and Catarrh. Address Dr. G. M. Branaman, 1283 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.


### The Proper Kind.

"Say," queried the young man with the conundrum habit, "what kind of notes does a shoe-horn player use?"

"Foot notes, I suppose," answered the girl who was wise to his foolishness.

### Cause for Dignity.

Small Darkey (to very dignified colored coachman)—Say, Mistah Ebony, wot foh yo' hole yo'ah head so high? Pop says yo' hain't bein' paid but foah dollars a week an' boa'd.

Dignified Coachman—Go 'way, yo' no 'count niggah. The gem'en wot pays me dat foah dollars am rich enough to buy out dis hull town.

### JUST FACTS.

You will notice on life's voyage,
If you're sailing pretty fast,
That you can't use as a "chaser"
The water that is past.
And then again you'll notice, if
You're drifting down the stream,
That the milk of human kindness
Generates but little cream.

## TICKLISH

### TOUCHING VERSE.

At first she touches up her hair
To see if it's in place,
And then with manner debonnair
She touches up her face.
A touch to curls behind her ear,
A touch to silken collar.
And then she's off to hubby dear—
To touch him for a dollar.

### In a Lunchroom.

Dodge—Yes, Hank is going down more and more every day. All he can afford for his lunch now are doughnuts.

Hodge—Um! Going down, is he? Well, I guess that is the reason he orders sinkers.

### Her Modesty.

Ethel—Helen is an exceptionally modest girl, isn't she?

Edith—Indeed she is. Why every time her fiance calls of an evening she turns the gas real low in order to blush unseen.

### Selecting a Part.

Chicago Actress—I should like to have a part in your revival of "Cinderella."

Theatrical Manager—Do you think you can play the part of Cinderella?

Chicago Actress—No-o, but I'd do beautifully as one of the sisters whom Cinderella's shoes wouldn't fit.

### Business Is Business.

Manufacturer—Have you succeeded in perfectly imitating Good & Co's goods?

Superintendent—All of them, sir.

Manufacturer—Very well. Get up a circular warning the public against vile imitations, and put 'em on the market.

### Quite Perceptible.

Actor (pompously)—If you engage me, sir, you get an artist. All my family who were on the stage had a great deal of finish about their work.

Manager (significantly)—I don't doubt it. I can see yours now.

## A COMMON DISEASE.

Mother—Is it very serious, doctor?

Doctor—Why, madam, it is the most serious case of "Dontwanttogotoschoolitis" I ever saw.

### The Cause of the Failure.

Ashley—What caused your friend, the toy dealer, to make an assignment?

Gausser—His store was broken into one night and so much damage was done that he became discouraged and lost all heart.

Ashley—What damage was done?

Gausser—All his jig-saw puzzles were taken out of their boxes and mixed together.

### The Thief's Plea.

Magistrate—You are found guilty of knocking down the plaintiff, and robbing him of everything except a gold watch. What have you to say?

Prisoner—Had he a gold watch?

Magistrate—Certainly.

Prisoner—Then I put in a plea of insanity.

### He Was Not Mercenary.

She—So many men nowadays marry for money. You wouldn't marry me for money, would you, dearest?

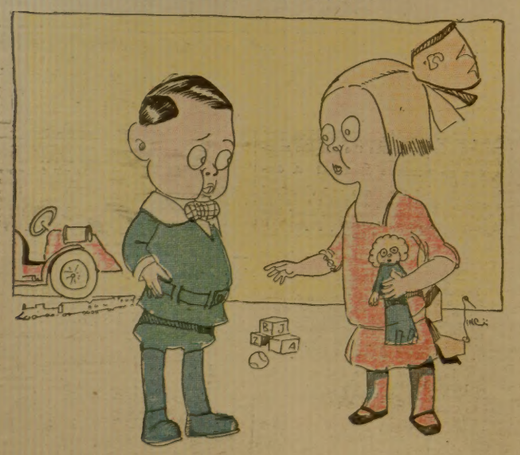
He (absently)—No, darling, I wouldn't marry you for all the money in the world.

She—Oh, you horrid, horrid wretch!


### LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 691, Blairsville, Pa.


## HEARD AT NEWPORT.



Little Bobby—The governess told us to primp up. An old friend is going to visit the nursery today.

Little Bessie—An old friend? Heavens! It must be mamma!


### The Indian Medicine Man

Can produce roots and herbs for every ailment, and cure diseases that baffle our most skilled physicians, who have spent years in the study of drugs.

From the roots and herbs of the field originated Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which for thirty years has proved more potent and efficacious in curing female ills than any combination of drugs.


### Why Careful.

The Stranger in Town—Do you have many trolley car accidents here?

The Resident—We have none that are fatal; the president of the trolley road is also head of a life-insurance company.


### Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhœa, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple, harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. A. Hudnut South Bend, Indiana.


### Another Catch.

Farmer Ryetop—Look here, I believe you are a fraud.

Agent (suavely)—Why so, sir?

Farmer Ryetop—Why, by heck, last week you sold me what you guaranteed was a good burglar trap and last night a burglar stepped right over it and it didn't catch him.

Agent—Well, perhaps he wasn't a good burglar, sir. You know I didn't guarantee it to catch bad burglars.



## TACKLES

### A Brave Boarder.

Mrs. Slimdiet (noticing that the new boarder is lavish with the catsup)—Dentists say that tomatoes have a tendency to loosen the gums so that the teeth come out.

New Boarder—That so? Then I must work hard to drive 'em back again. I'll thank you for some more of the roast beef.

### A Novelist's Mistake.

"It was Charles Reade, wasn't it, who wrote 'Nothing is so terrible as a fool?'"

"Yes, but he was wrong. I live next door to a newly married couple. If Charles could see them, he would at once admit that two fools are even more terrible."

### Like an Auto.

"My boy, remember a wife is a good deal like an automobile."

"How so, dad?"

"Because getting one isn't so terribly difficult, but the cost of maintenance is something frightful."

## SECRET WORKER

### The Plan Upon Which Coffee Operates.

Coffee is such a secret worker that it is not suspected as the cause of sickness or disease, but there is a very sure way to find out the truth.

A lady in Memphis gives an interesting experience her husband had with coffee. It seems that he had been using it for some time and was an invalid.

The physician in charge shrewdly suspected that coffee was the "Worm at the root of the tree," and ordered it discontinued with instructions to use Postum regularly in its place.

The wife says: "We found that was the true remedy for his stomach and heart trouble and we would have gladly paid a hundred times the amount of the doctor's charge when we found how wise his judgment was.

"The use of Postum instead of coffee was begun about a year ago, and it has made my husband a strong, well man. He has gained thirty-five pounds in that time and his stomach and heart trouble have all disappeared.

"The first time I prepared it I did not boil it long enough and he said there was something wrong with it. Sure enough it did taste very flat, but the next morning I followed directions carefully, boiling it for fifteen minutes, and he remarked 'this is better than any of the old coffee.'

"We use Postum regularly and never tire of telling our friends of the benefit we have received from leaving off coffee."

Look for the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

**Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of human interest.**

### Current Gossip.

Mrs. Kreetser—I've heard lots of people say your friend, that rough-looking Smith, treats his wife shamefully, and I believe they speak the truth.

Mr. Kreetser—Well, I don't. If anything, I believe that Smith treats his wife too well. He has told me himself that he is up before her every morning and gets her breakfast.

Mrs. Kreetser—He told you he got her breakfast, did he? Well, I guess he was right. His poor, little, peaked wife looks as if he got all her meals.


### J. P.

Those suffering from weakness and lack of vigor should take JUVEN PILLS. One box will tell a story of marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. Made by its originators, C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, LOWELL, MASS. (2)


### A Considerate Husband.

New Husband—Did you make those biscuits, my dear?

His Wife—Yes, darling.

Her Husband—Well, I'd rather you would not make any more, sweetheart.

His Wife—Why not, love?

Her Husband—Because, angel mine, you are too light for such heavy work.

### A Suspicious Silence.

Howard was only twenty months older than the baby. He had somehow come to realize that Elwood, who was creeping, was more likely to be in mischief when quiet.

## OF COURSE.

Mrs. Housewife—Shall I put some of my biscuits in your lunch, dear?

Mr. Office Husband—I should say not! Think I want to get arrested for carrying concealed weapons?

One day he called to his mother with a great deal of anxiety in his little voice: "Mamma, I hear Elwood keeping still."

### Last, But Not Least.

Rodrick—The landlord of this mountain hotel says his parting guests should stop on the front porch and see the finishing touches of summer.

Van Albert—Yes, that is where he hands you his bill.

### Nice of Him.

Pearl—Yes, he is such an honest young man I can't help but admire him.

Ruby—And why do you think he is so honest?

Pearl—Why, he stole a kiss last summer and this summer he came around and returned it. I think his conscience must have troubled him.

### Has Book Agent Beaten.

Slamm—That fellow Jinks has the nerve of a book agent.

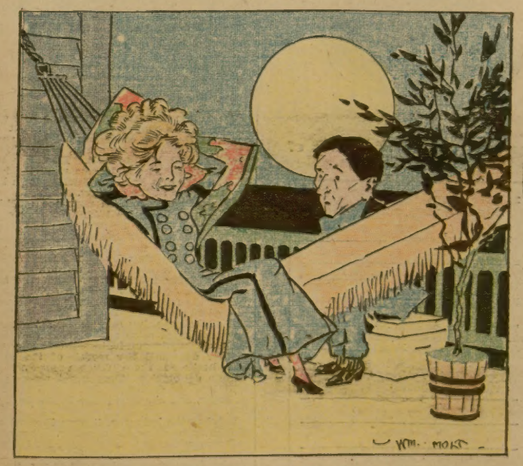
Bangs—Yes, and then some. His nerve is equal to that of the misguided woman who forces her friends to buy tickets for a bazaar.

### Hard Proof.

"What will convince me that this world is not a mere bubble?" asked the pessimistic person who was always growling.

"Try falling out of an airship," chuckled the optimist cheerfully.

## WHAT SHE THINKS.



He—Ah, Isabelle, say the words you know will do me the most good.

She—Go home and go to bed, Ferdinand.

### Source of His Wealth.

Myer—There goes Doctor Cubebs in his new automobile. They say he spends money like water.

Gyer—But it's a safe bet he doesn't get it from the well.


## AGENTS WANTED

**AGENTS 200% PROFIT**
Handy, Automatic
HAME FASTENER
Doxsey with old hames/trap. Horse owners and teamsters wild about them. Fasten instantly with gloves on. Outwear the harness. Money back if not satisfactory. Write today for confidential terms to agents. F. Thomas Mfg. Co., 717 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio

**EARN $8** LETTERS FOR WINDOW PLATES in your town. Write postal to A. V. SCOTT, CONCORD, N. H.

**AGENTS,** CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big profits. Express Paid. Terms Free. HERBERT AGENCY CO., Box 285, Sta'e L, New York

**AGENTS** WANTED to sell pocket knives with name and photo on handle; write for terms. Morris Cutlery Co., Morris, Ill., P.O.Box A

**AGENTS** $75 monthly. Combination Rolling Pin, 5 USE ARTICLES COMBINED. Lightning seller. Sample Free. FORSHEE MFG. CO., Box 806, DAYTON, O.

**MAN WANTED** in each county to sell wire fish traps on halves. We furnish traps. Write us. LILES CROWSON, BIVINS, TEXAS.

**AGENTS WAKE UP!** An Enlarged Portrait and Frame, only 47c. Big inducements to new customers. Write for terms and free catalog. SOUTHERN ART CO. — Station D. — CHICAGO, ILL.

**WE PAY $36** A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rig to introduce poultry compound. Team not necessary. IMPERIAL MFG. CO., Dept. 67, Parsons, Kansas

**PORTRAIT AGENTS:** Pillow Tops, Bromides, Solar Prints, hand stippled and air brushed Bromides, very fine, Crayons, Pastels. The very latest (Enamine) Picture Frames. Cheapest house of all. Samples free. Crescent Portrait Studio, 918 Montana St., Chicago

**Sell Tobacco and Cigars**
Locally or traveling. Salary or commission. Experience unnecessary—we give full instructions. Address MONOTOCK TOBACCO WORKS, Box 918 DANVILLE VIRGINIA

**STARK** Nurseries want more good salesmen everywhere. We pay cash weekly, make most liberal contracts and give best outfit free. Estab'd 84 yrs. STARK BRO'S Louisiana, Missouri

**THREE GOOD THINGS** **FOR AGENTS** $25 Sure Every Week. The American Co., Cambridge, Ohio

**$3 a Day Sure** Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure. We furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write us to-day. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1016 Detroit, Mich.

**WE OFFER YOU A POSITION**
We want 250 men right away. Must have them and will pay good money—$15.00 to $25.00 a day guaranteed according to class of work. YOU NEED NO MONEY. Everything done on our capital. You deliver our goods and collect. A BIG opportunity. Write today for free plans, sample outfit, etc. All free. G. B. GROUNDS, Manager, 1027 W. Adams Street Dept. 41 46, Chicago, Ill.

**AGENTS $22 IN 18 HOURS** made by C. Comer selling Guaranteed Hosiery for men, women and children. Fast seller. J. R. Valentine sold 600 pairs in 50 hours. Experience unnecessary. High school boy sold 36 pairs first day. Write goods required. Write at once for agency. Don't delay. Outfit free. THOMAS HOSIERY COMPANY, 1917 Wayne St., DAYTON, Ohio

**MEN WANTED** We want men in every locality in the United States to advertise our goods, tack up showcards, in all conspicuous places and generally represent us. $20 to $30 per week and expenses being made; steady work; entirely new plan; no experience required. Write for particulars. ROYAL REMEDY CO., London, Ont., Can

**$4 a day SURE**
Easy work with horse and buggy right where you live in handling our ironing and fluting machine. One agent says: "Made $60 in 3½ days." We pay $75 a month and expenses; or commission. PRICE MFG. CO., Dept. E Cincinnati, Ohio.

**MAKE MONEY EASY.**
Agents wanted in every county to sell the popular Novelty Knives for Christmas Gifts with name, address, photo, lodge emblem, etc., on handle. AGENTS EARN $75 to $300 A MONTH. (We show you how.) Big profits—quick sales—exclusive territory. We reach for our liberal money making special offer to agents. Our new self-sharpening scissors are the quickest sellers for lady agents. NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 33 BAR STREET, CANTON, O.

## BIG MAIL FREE

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an Agents' Directory List containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agents' Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address

AGENTS' DIRECTORY LIST,
INDIANA, INDIANA COUNTY, PA

# SPECIAL NOTICE TO CONSUMPTIVES

## Dr. J. Lawrence Hill Is Actually Curing Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and All Throat and Lung Troubles.

DR. J. LAWRENCE HILL.
Snapshot of the Doctor taken a few days ago.

**He Gladly Sends A Trial Package By Mail to Prove That Even the Worst Cases of Consumption Can Be Quickly Cured At Home.**

Everyone who has weak lungs, Catarrh of the Bronchial Tubes or Catarrh in any form, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, Chronic Hacking Cough, Loss of Flesh, Night Sweats, Hemorrhages, soreness or pain in the chest or under the shoulder blades, or any other deadly symptom of Consumption, should send for a trial package of Dr. Hill's New Rational Remedy. This treatment quickly checks further progress of the disease and produces new resisting power, appetite, flesh and good health. All throat and lung sufferers should fill out coupon below and send at once for a trial package which the doctor sends by mail prepaid.

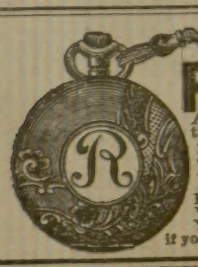
**Trial Treatment Package Coupon**

Dr. J. Lawrence Hill,
1330 Hill Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

I am suffering from throat and lung trouble, so please send me your large trial package in plain, sealed wrapper, that I may try it and see for myself if it will do what you claim it will. I enclose 20c to help pay for packing, etc., and as an evidence that I am not sending for the trial package out of idle curiosity.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....



**FREE This ELEGANT LADY'S GOLD-INITIAL WATCH**

**Any Lady or Girl Can Have One If She Writes at Once.** This is the handsomest little watch ever offered by any premium house. High-grade American stem wind and stem set, a perfect timepiece, lady's size, fully warranted. Your own initial in gold lettering. A beautiful chain with each watch. All we ask of you is to send your name at once. We then send you, all charges paid, 12 packages of Our beautifully colored and artistic Post Cards, all different, to distribute among your friends, who will be eager to take them at the reduced price of 25 cents. Return us the $3.00 and you will receive watch immediately. **SEND NO MONEY IN ADVANCE.** We trust you with cards until distributed and take them back if they are not taken. You receive both premiums without one cent of cost. You can have men's size watch and chain if you prefer. Address at once **WATCH HEADQUARTERS, 831 Jackson St., TOPEKA, KAN.**

# I WILL HELP YOU CURE YOURSELF OF KIDNEY, BLADDER OR RHEUMATIC TROUBLE, FREE

**I will send you free treatment and give you simple instructions how to cure yourself in your home, without cost. Write me today.**

MRS. WALKER

DR. LYNOTT

MR. MERRICK

**Dr. Lynott's great medical book, describing these diseases, as well as the addresses of several hundred of his cured patients, are also sent free to all who write him.**

So that all who suffer from kidney trouble, bladder trouble or rheumatism may know without expense that at last a genuine and reliable cure for these diseases has been found, I will send to any victim of these ailments a free treatment and such simple instructions that anyone can cure himself at home, free. I say free and I mean free. I will make no charge; you have only to write me a letter, giving me your symptoms and telling me how you feel and I will do as I promise.

To give free treatment is the best way to prove my claims. I bear the expense. You have simply to take my treatment as directed and you will know I can cure you. You will owe me nothing now or later when cured. It is my free gift to the thousands of uric acid sufferers, and I want all to take advantage of it. I have devoted my life to the cure of these diseases. I am in a position to help you and my help will cost you nothing.

Write me a letter today, describing your condition in your own words, and I will send you a free treatment for it. Some of the leading symptoms of a kidney, bladder or rheumatic disease are:

1. Pain in the back.
2. Too frequent desire to urinate.
3. Burning or obstruction of urine.
4. Pain or soreness in the bladder.
5. Prostatic trouble.
6. Gas or pain in the stomach.
7. General debility, weakness, dizziness.
8. Pain and soreness under right ribs.
9. Swelling in any part of the body.
10. Constipation or liver trouble.
11. Palpitation or pain under the heart.
12. Pain in the hip joint.
13. Pain in the neck or head.
14. Pain or soreness in the kidneys.
15. Pain or swelling of the joints.
16. Pain and swelling of the muscles.
17. Pain and soreness in nerves.
18. Acute or chronic rheumatism.

You can describe your condition in your own way or you can give the numbers of the symptoms in the coupon and send the coupon to me and the free treatment and instructions will be sent you just the same. My address is Dr. T. Frank Lynott, 2768 Occidental Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

I am asking you for no money. All I ask is the privilege of proving to the afflicted that I can and will cure kidney, bladder and rheumatic trouble in a simple, scientific, painless way; that I can stop the painful backache, the swelling flesh, the inflamed bladder, the torturing rheumatism. I am successful with old and young, those who have just become sick and those who have suffered for years.

Since I ask for no money write me today and you will be surprised to see how easy it is to cure you when the right remedies, whose purity I have vouched for to the U. S. Government, are sent you, and when a doctor gives you the right advice. I will give you the right remedies and right advice and charge you nothing, so correspond with me today.

Write a letter or send the coupon, or do both.

Dr. T. Frank Lynott,
2768 Occidental Bldg., Chicago.

I notice symptoms number_____

_____

(Here put down the numbers.)

I will be obliged to you for a free treatment and any instructions and advice you think necessary for the cure of my case. My age is_____

Kindly address me

_____

_____

_____

(Please write your address plainly; or write your address on a separate piece of paper and pin the coupon on.)


## In African Jungles.

(Continued from page seven.)

abandoned, "we may as well go back to camp. The girls will be anxious for our safety."

He glanced at his watch as he spoke, and turned a dismayed face toward his companion. The hands pointed to four o'clock. They had been twelve hours in reaching and searching the place. If the return journey could not be hastened, they would not be able to reach the camp by midnight.

They would be in the jungle during the dark hours, and the girls would be practically without protection. But there was no chance of their making the return trip in eight hours, for they must climb the steep wall of the great cup, and this was no easy task. Indeed, it was likely that darkness would find them still inside the rim of the crater.

"I reckon," he said, "that we have got ourselves into a pickle by staying here so long. We can't get back until morning, and there will be all kinds of doings at the camp. Couldn't we send the guards back? I notice that they are still up on the rim, where we stationed them on the lookout. If they only had a long rope they might help us to the top, but it would have to be a mighty long one," he added. "Something like a thousand feet."

"One of them might make his way to camp, and one might come down to us," suggested Bamali.

"Just the thing!" cried Bement.

Bamali now directed his attention to the guards, shouting and signaling to them, but, seemingly to no purpose, as they were gazing off to the north.

"There is something doing up there," said Bamali, presently. "Do you notice that they are bringing their guns to position?"

"Call to them to retreat and not to fire," said Bement, "unless it is wild animals they fear. We can't afford to inaugurate a war here by killing natives."

A shot came from somewhere beyond the rim, and one of the guards fell to his knees. His companion crouched down behind the rocks and caught him when he would have fallen. Other shots came, and then followed the loud trumpeting of an elephant.

"One of the other parties is coming in," said Bamali, soberly, "and they are coming on elephants."

"Then," returned Bement, "we'll have to remain here and hold possession."

"Have you no fear of what may take place at the camp?"

"If it is Mr. Norman, restored to life," replied Bement, "the girls have already seen him. If it is Kalkenbrenner and his people, they will be made welcome by the whole camp."

"But if it is neither?"

"How can a third party be here?"

"And this girl in white, you speak of? Is she not with a party?"

### CHAPTER XV.

### THE GIRL IN WHITE AGAIN.

"If she is in here," replied Bement, "she must be with a party, of course. I'd like to know how many people are after this diamond mine."

"I am afraid there are more than we know of," answered Bamali. "It seems that the story of the find was pretty well circulated in New York. As you say, the girl must be with a party, for she could not roam the jungle alone."

"But we have seen nothing of her since that first night," urged Bement, not as much annoyed at the idea of her being near him as he should, perhaps, have been.

"And yet there is the other trail we saw."

"That may have been made by Kalkenbrenner or Norman."

"Either party would doubtless have come directly to this spot," was the reply, "for they have maps. The other party must be without accurate directions, for they turned away at the foot of the hills."

It began to look as if the right to the mines would be contested by at least four or five parties. News of a diamond find travels fast, and people act swiftly on the first information. Bement examined his revolvers grimly. He was determined not to be taken back to Chicago under arrest, and also resolved to hold the mines for Norman, if he should be alive; for his daughter if he had perished.

No more shots were fired. The native who supported his wounded comrade was now seen signaling to those below, as if calling for assistance.

Bement and Bamali started up the steep slope. Before they had proceeded far the two guards met them. The wounded man was shot in the leg, but was not fatally wounded. He was assisted to the bottom, and the men gathered about for information as to what was taking place beyond the rim. Bamali talked with the guards in the native tongue and reported to Bement that a party of white men, mounted on elephants and supported by a strong force of trackers and carriers, was encamped on the level terrace at the foot of the steep wall.

"Well," said Bement, "they can't get over the rim without coming under the fire of our guns."

"They will come in the darkness," replied Bamali.

It was finally decided that Bamali should work his way over the rim and proceed to camp. Immediately upon his arrival he was to set the natives in motion and bring them to vicinity of the mountain, the idea being to effect some sort of a compromise by a show of force. If this should fail, they were to endeavor to get their party in under the cover of their guns.

Bamali moved away, and Bement directed his attention to the wounded man. There was nothing else to be done then. He bathed the wound in water taken from a small spring which bubbled up from a crevice in the rocky wall, bandaged it, and made him as comfortable as possible on a bed of leaves. While this was being done the other guard kept a sharp eye on the rim.

The appearance of the running water gave Bement an idea. Quite a stream was flowing out of the rock, yet the bottom of the cup inside the crater was not filled. The water must have some channel of egress.

If water could work its way through the wall, there must be weak places in the barrier. Fissures filled with soft earth might lie between the deposits of lava and the structural rocks. If the water had worked its way through one of these, the passage created might be available for exit and ingress.

The theory seemed worth investigating, and Bement, marking the point of his departure, proceeded to a careful inspection of the crater, foot by foot. The water trickled along small fissures, formed little pools here and there, and finally disappeared in a hole about where Bamali had found the gem. This hole was not unlike the pipe where the blue diamond-bearing earth had been uncovered. It seemed that the action of the water had worn the hard substance away.

This gave the young man another idea, one which brought the blood of excitement to his face. If there were diamonds in the pipe, and the water washed the earth away, gems at the bottom, wherever that was! then there must be a deposit of the precious

He cut a rod from a bush and slipped it into the opening. The bottom was beyond its length. Perhaps the stream turned in another fissure some distance below, and trickled away to find an opening under the mountain. Filled with the encouragement offered by the thought, he continued to search the sloping walls of the crater.

Presently, high up, he came to one of the caves in the formation, which he had observed on his way in. He was about to enter, in the hope of finding a fissure running back into the mountain, when a low growl caused him to halt. He knew instinctively that he had come upon the lair of a leopard or a lion, and ducked down below the ledge at the opening.

This action was taken none too quickly, for the next instant a lithe form shot over his head. Turning, he saw the animal sail through the air and land on a small shelf about twenty feet below. There she crouched, gathering for another leap. His only means of flight lay in front, and so, with probably the quickest motion he had ever made, he sprang into the cave.

Then the fury of the leopard became easy of explanation. In a depression, at the very end of the cave, lay four kittens. They set up a series of cries as he came to where they were, and in an instant the form of the mother darkened the mouth of the cave. She hesitated there for an instant, as though doubtful of the correct manner of attacking the intruder. She lashed her tail in anger, and her eyes shone in like balls of fire.

Brief as the halt was, it gave Bement opportunity to draw his revolver. Then, before he could take accurate aim, the leopard sprang. She met a bullet half-way and dropped, snarling, to the floor of the cavern. She was on her feet in a second, however, biting at her wound and moving toward the

kittens. There was blood on her breast, but Bement could see that she was not seriously wounded.

Taking careful aim, he fired again. The leopard dropped down on her side and lay for a moment clawing the air. Another bullet through the head quieted her, and Bement drew her to one side and looked out. It was more than probable, he thought, that the mate of the dead beast was in the vicinity, and in that case an attack would be made at once.

The sun was now low in the heavens, and darkness was falling on the crater. Bement was uncertain how to proceed. If he stepped outside the cave he might be attacked by the male leopard. In that case, unless his first bullet found a vital spot, he would undoubtedly be killed.

The kittens were making a great outcry, and it was certain that the male would soon appear. Disliking to kill the furry little things in cold blood, he took a position at the mouth of the cave and watched, in the last light of the day, hoping to get a shot at the male before he reached the ledge. He was hoping, too, that the guard would be attracted by the shot, and would soon make his appearance.

But the guard did not appear, and there were no signs of the male leopard. Bement was about to accept the chance of leaving the cave when a shot came from the center of the cup. It was evident that the guard was having troubles of his own. The imprisoned man drew back and waited.

In a moment he heard voices, coming not from the cup, but from the rim above the mouth of the cave. At least one of the speakers was using the English language. For an instant Bement tried to think that the guard had merely fired a shot as a signal. Bamali might have returned with a party from the camp, sent out on a hunting expedition, and signaled from the rim.

Stones, rattling down the declivity, soon told him that the newcomers were coming in at a point directly over the mouth of the cave. He was about to leave the cave in order to inform himself as to what was going on when a low growl came from outside, and a dark form appeared in the opening.

Bement realized that the male leopard had returned, and he stood ready to shoot, although he knew that a shot would at once attract the attention of the invaders to the spot where he lay. The leopard hesitated in the mouth of the cave, doubtless scenting the presence of an enemy.

Lashing his sides angrily, he gave out a roar which seemed to carry a note of inquiry to the kittens, for they answered in sharp cries, which seemed like complaints. The big animal still hesitated. It seemed to Bement that he understood that his mate, lying on the floor, was dead, and that he was filled with wonder at the happenings of the day.

While he waited there, the voices came more distinctly.

"There is a hiding place about here," the English voice said. "We'll get inside and watch the crater from there. It will be perfectly easy to shoot any intruders from that point without ourselves being seen."

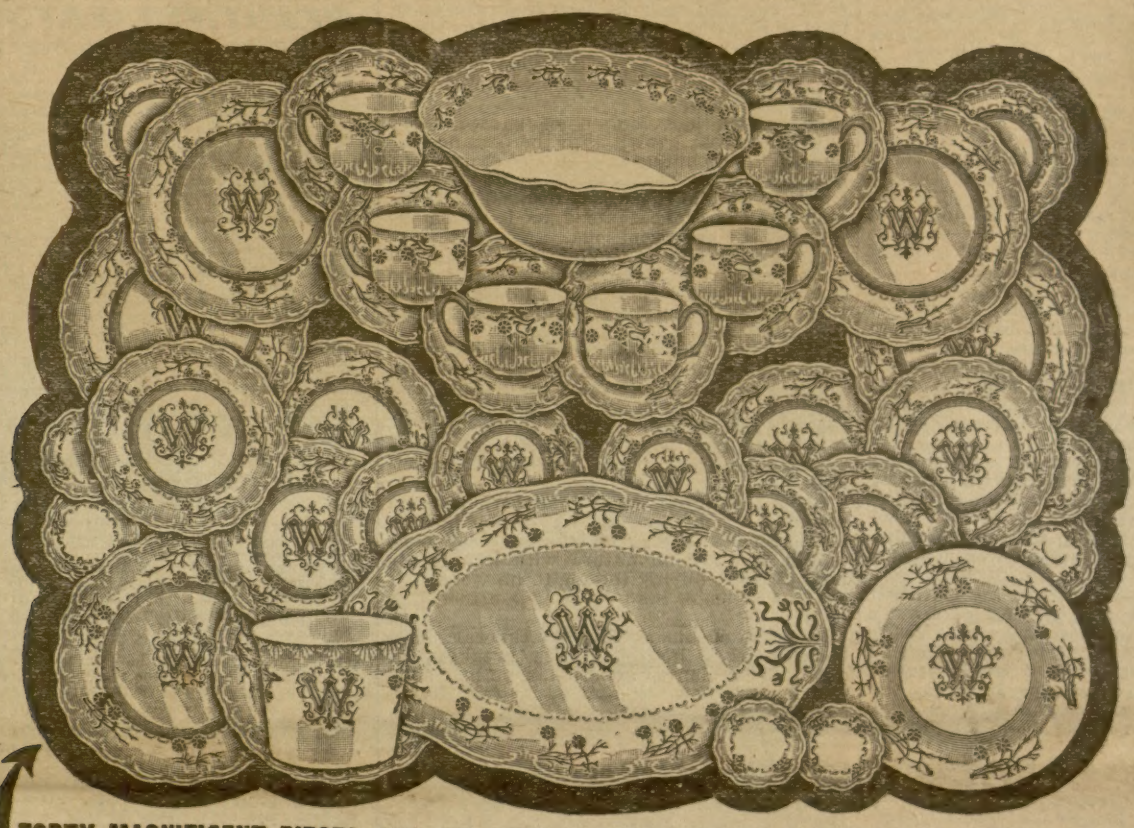
Whoever the newcomer might be, it was plain that he was in quest of diamonds. The voice was unfamiliar to the listening man. This, Bement thought, must be the fifth party to head into the Karamoyo Range.

There was Kalkenbrenner, after wild animals. Then came Morris, the young-old man, after diamonds. He was followed by Kilrain, the banker, who was after Bement. Next was Norman, also after diamonds. So this fifth party, encamped outside, must also be after diamonds. The whole scheme of the drama in which he was mixed seemed more like that of a comic opera than ever.

The bloodthirsty nerve of this new man, with his talk of shooting in the back, caused Bement to believe that the theft of maps of which Morris and Norman were accusing each other might be explained in a perfectly simple way. He thought the thief was now coming to reap the harvest of his crime.

(Continued on page fifteen.)


# 4 RICH PRESENTS FREE



FORTY MAGNIFICENT PIECES AND ALL FREE. FREE BESIDES 3 OTHER BEAUTIFUL GIFTS.

**MISSION TABLE**

This is the handsome little table or Tabouret finished in the popular Mission style. Suitable for tea set stand, for jardiniere or for any ordinary decorative purpose.

**NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS**

Pure White Pattern, woven in fancy scroll flower pattern, heavy lace border, good weight, two and one-half yards long, and full thirty inches wide. Overlocked stitched edge. A nice genteel pair of lace curtains, beautiful in the extreme.

**7-PIECE GLASS SET**

Made of A-1 Crystal Glass, six full-size tumblers, and one large-size water bottle, manufactured and patterned after an expensive cut-glass set costing $25.

## FOUR—YES—FOUR!

Four gifts of the most superb richness given away right now. Given *altogether.* You can have them. You get them all at once.

They are free—FREE—just as we announce in this, the most wonderful offer ever made. An offer never equaled. An offer that never *can* be equaled.

Look at the pictures of these gifts—forty pieces of magnificent dishes—a 7-piece glass water set of the splendor of a genuine cut glass set—real Nottingham lace curtains—and a beautiful mission table. All yours. *YOURS FREE.* And you get all of these four articles *at the same time.* Read on! This offer was never even approached before.

## 40 Piece Gold Decorated Initial Dinner Set

Look at this set! Note its superb elegance. And remember it is *only one* of the *four* premiums we give you.

There are six large dinner plates, six medium size pie or dessert plates, one large handsomely contoured meat platter, one latest fashioned vegetable dish, one sugar bowl of splendid pattern, one special bread or cake plate, or decorated plaque, six large size cups and saucers to match, six individual butter dishes, six oatmeal, fruit or sauce dishes—a total of *forty pieces,* and forty of as elegant pieces as ever went into any home.

Each piece is beautifully decorated with *gold tracings,* and each is *gold lined.* More than this each and every piece will be decorated *With Your Own Initial in Gold.* Not the cheap initials you may have seen, *but gold initials.* Your initial is *burnt right into the china.* Yet this is but *one* of the *four* splendid gifts of this distinctly *new offer,* an offer never made before.

## GREATEST OFFER EVER MADE

There is positively no doubt but that this offer eclipses *anything* ever offered any place before. You must admit this yourself. You may have been offered *one* premium or perhaps *two* before, but never have you had the opportunity of getting *four* all at once.

Now, all we want you to do is to simply *send your name*—just your name and address here on this coupon. We will then send you, all charges prepaid, 24 of the most beautiful Art-Nouveau pictures you ever saw. They are in colors and measure 16 by 20 inches—positively the new style fac similes. We will also send you 24 sets of Gold Embossed Souvenir Post Cards. We will ask you to distribute one picture and one set of post cards on a very attractive offer—an offer entirely new and so *very, very* delightful that we can afford to give away the four grand presents we offer here. Just distribute these post cards and pictures collecting only 25 cents and giving the Picture and Post Card set as a receipt. After you have distributed all pictures and post card sets send us the $6 collected and the names of the people to whom you distributed the goods and then we will ship you *immediately* the 40-piece Gold Initial Dinner Set, the Nottingham Lace Curtains, the Mission Table and the 7-piece Glass Set—all four at one time for this little service. It cannot possibly take you more than a few hours at the most. And then these magnificent gifts *are yours.*

It is no wonder there are literally thousands of people asking for the opportunity of accepting this offer. For the offer is exceedingly attractive, with the pictures and post cards thrown in extra just for receipts. The small service which I have outlined here is *positively* all you will be asked to do to entitle you to these four elegant premiums, and we guarantee that these premiums are exactly as we say they are.

## Extra Premium Right Away for Sending this FREE COUPON

A handsome advance premium for every Woman and Girl answering this advertisement in good faith will be sent at once—one of the new Lincoln Pennies—covered with celluloid, attached to stickpins. It is the new Lincoln Penny Stick Pin. It looks exactly like gold and under the covering of the celluloid it will never tarnish. It will always look like gold—much like a $10 gold piece. This stick pin is one of the prettiest pins ever offered and it makes a most handsome ornament. So send the coupon and get this handsome pin right away. You get this pin extra, and in addition to the other four prizes, if you write in good faith and take up the most liberal offer which we are making.

**WRITE TODAY--AT ONCE--** Don't delay. We are already thousands and thousands of orders behind. Your name will be entered at the time it is received and you will get your stick pin and our great offer just as soon as we can get it to you. Don't delay about this, for this is the one great big opportunity of the year. Send the coupon now.

GEORGE HARVEY, President, 107-111 So. Clinton St., Dept. 703, Chicago, Ill.

## FREE COUPON

GEORGE HARVEY,
President,
107-111 S. Clinton St., Chicago.

Send me, charges paid, your 24 Art-Nouveau Parlor Pictures in colors, and your 24 sets of Gold Embossed Souvenir Post Cards, to distribute on your plan. If this distributing is not simple and easy, I can return at your expense. If I do distribute them on your plan, you agree to ship me, prepaid, the 40-piece Gold Medal Gold Decorated Dinner Set, the Lace Curtains, the collapsible Mission Table, and the 7-piece Glass Set.

Name.....

Address .....

703.....

# A Physician Cures His Wife of Consumption

**It Costs You Nothing to Try the Same Treatment.**

"GENTLEMEN:
"My wife was down with Consumption when I ordered a bottle of Aicsol (Lloyd). She was very weak from night sweats, cough and in a feverish condition. I noticed a change for the better after ten days' treatment and from that time on up to three months when the cure was completed. Aicsol (Lloyd) kills the Tubercle Bacillus in the blood and tissue and it is the only remedy so far discovered that will do this. It is a preventative as well as a cure. It should be used by those who are run down or those who fear the approach of Consumption. It can be truthfully said that Aicsol (Lloyd) for the cure and prevention of Consumption is the most wonderful compound of the present age.
"DR. W. H. KNIGHT, Swampscott, Mass."

This is only one of hundreds of similar letters from leading physicians and grateful patients that we have received and have on file in our office.

So sure are we that Aicsol (Lloyd) is a successful treatment for Consumption and Chronic Bronchitis, and that you will feel its beneficial effects inside of fifteen days, that we will gladly send a full month's treatment to any sufferer who will send us their name and address.

We make no conditions except that you take the treatment for fifteen days, according to directions. Should the results be such as to make you absolutely sure that a continuance of Aicsol (Lloyd) will cure you, you are to remit us $5.00 for same and continue the treatment until it is all used. If, after taking the treatment for fifteen days, you are not satisfied with the results, you are to return the unused portion of the treatment to us and no charge will be made for that which you have used.

Judd Q. Lloyd, the eminent scientist who discovered this wonderful preparation, was on December 15, 1908, awarded a diploma of merit by the London Society of Science, Letters and Art, in recognition of his valuable services to mankind in discovering Aicsol (Lloyd), the only known successful treatment for consumption. The society was established in 1881, for the purpose of meriting the one greatest achievement in scientific discoveries each year, in each country.

Aicsol (Lloyd) is a perfectly palatable preparation. You take absolutely no risk whatever, for Aicsol (Lloyd) must be entirely satisfactory to you before you pay us one cent. The burden of the proof is entirely on us. What Aicsol (Lloyd) has done for others it should do for you. Send your name and address today, state nearest express office and we will send you a full month's treatment for trial with full directions. Restorall Chemical Co., 571 Lloyd Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

**$90** A MONTH, $60 expense allowance at start, to put out Merchandise & Grocery Catalogs. Mail order house. American Home Supply Co., Desk W 2, Chicago, Ill.

**84 CARDS FOR 10c** 40 Best View Post Cards and 44 other good cards. The whole lot for only 10 cents postpaid. Send stamps or coin. Central Trading Co., McKinley Park, Dept. R, Chicago, Ill.

**20 RICH POST CARD VIEWS 10c** Artists' Models, Evelyn Thaw, Bathing Girls, Beach Scenes, Pretty Girls, Cow Boys & Cow Girls, Love Scenes, Seasonal, &c., on Fine cardboard in colors. A Full Set of 20 Post Cards, no two alike, sent for only 10c, 3 lots 25c. Don't miss this Great offer. Address TEEL SUPPLY CO., HURLEYVILLE, N. Y.

**MAGIC NEEDLES** RODS, Goldometers, Chronometers, etc., for treasure seekers. Millions of wealth under your feet. Guaranteed the best made. Interesting booklet for 2 ct. stamp. **FREE**
P. & M. AGENCY, 10 ELM ST., PALMYRA, PA.

**MOTHERS** Your children cured of BED-WETTING. A dangerous disease not a habit. Don't neglect it now and regret it always afterward. CURE GUARANTEED. Write today. **SAMPLE FREE**
DR. E. MAY, Box H 540, BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

**MUSIC LESSONS FREE** AT YOUR HOME Write Today for our Booklet. It tells how to learn to play any instrument; Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, etc. American School of Music, 17 Lakeside Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

**PILES** If you are afflicted with piles in any form write for a FREE trial treatment of Infallible Pile Tablets, and you will ever bless the day you read this.
Infallible Tablet Co., Dept. 57 Marshall, Mich.

**2 Rings FREE for Selling Post Cards**

Sell only 10 pkgs. of our high grade Post Cards at 10c a pkg. Then send us the $1 and we'll mail you 2 Solid Gold laid Rings FREE. Other premiums given. We trust you with the goods. Write today—now. LUCAS SPECIALTY CO., 736 LUCAS BLDG., CHICAGO, ILL.

**SHARPEN YOUR WITS**
on the Who Puzzles; 16 brain teasers in one box. Great fun for all—will entertain a roomful. BIG PRIZES for shortest solutions. Puzzles and prize offers for 25c. Dept. A, PRIZE PUZZLE CO., Oshkosh, Wis.

**FITS** I wish every person in the U. S. suffering with FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS to send for one of my large-sized 16-ounce bottles **FREE**
DR. F. E. GRANT, Dept. 50, Kansas City, Mo.

**EARN WATCH—RING and CHAIN** WE POSITIVELY GIVE TO BOYS and GIRLS A BEAUTIFUL, AMERICAN-MADE stem-wind, stem-set watch with handsomely designed case, proper size, GUARANTEED 5 YEARS. Also dainty ring, set with two sparkling stones, for selling 20 sweet articles at 10c each. Order jewelry today. When sold send $2 and we will send watch, ring and chain.

Dale Watch Company, Dept. 26 Chicago

**WANTED MEN**
FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, ELECTRIC MOTORMEN, COLORED PORTERS. We have had more calls than we could fill. If you want to enter the railway service write us at once. $60 to $90 a month. Experience unnecessary. State age and position wanted. FREE BOOK. Don't miss this if you want to be a railroad man
INTER. RAILWAY CORR. INST. Dept. A. Indianapolis Ind.

# Canoemates in Canada;

## *Or, THREE CHUMS AFLOAT*

### *By Archie McGregor*

[Copyright 1909 by the Author.]

Begun in No. 48, November 27. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER III.

COMRADES.

THE young Canadian sat for a few minutes mute, as though turning over this proposition of Cuthbert's in his mind; then suddenly raising his eyes he looked his new friend straight in the face and said:

"That's awfully white of you, and I'm going to accept your invitation. I'll be only too glad to stay with you, for a time at least, and serve you as guide. And if you still persist in your determination to ascend the river further, to see all you can while in this country, who should know that region better than myself. Let come what will, I am going back!"

The impulsive American, after his kind, was bound to seal the bargain with a hearty handshake; and Eli, not to be outdone in the matter also thrust out his broad "paw" as he called it, squeezing that of the other with a strength that made Owen wince a bit.

At the same time the observing Cuthbert could not but note the gritting of Owen's teeth when he declared that he was ready to go back into the country from which he had apparently just come; it would appear as though some recent experience up the river did not linger fondly in his memory, and that when he came paddling downstream in his battered old bullboat it might have been with the idea of quitting the country for good.

Naturally this aroused a little curiosity in the other's mind, though he was not addicted to this failing overly much.

What could there be in the depths of the wilderness to bring about this aversion on the part of young Dugdale?

If Cuthbert had allowed himself to ruminate upon this subject all sorts of suspicions might have been aroused; but he was by nature too frank and generous to judge a stranger before he had been given a chance to explain; and the more he looked in the face of the lad, and noted the calm depths of his sturdy gray eyes the stronger grew his conviction that Owen Dugdale, as he called himself, could not descend to anything wrong.

Some persons carry their character in their faces, and he was of the number. So Cuthbert made up his mind to chase all suspicion from his mind; if in his own time the Canadian chose to confide in him, well and good; until then he would forget what he had seen of first anxiety and then grim determination, stamped upon that young face.

Both of the would-be explorers were cast in somewhat of a merry mould, and it was impossible to be in their company long without partaking of their happy-go-lucky spirit.

To the sober Owen this was about as fine a thing as could ever have happened, for he found it utterly out of the question to ponder gloomily upon the bitter past while these two chaps were whipping jokes back and forth, and insidiously drawing him into the conversation, until greatly to his astonishment he even burst out into a hearty peal of laughter, the first expression of merriment that had sprung from his heart for many a day.

Perhaps a benign Providence had taken pity upon him, and was now bent on sending sunshine where hitherto there had been little save clouds and storm.

The more he saw of these cousins from over the line the better he liked them.

It was a favorite joke of Cuthbert's to compare himself with that wonderfully humorous character of Spanish literature, who took himself so solemnly even while he furnished merriment for everybody—Don Quixote, the Knight of La Mancha—this wild expedition into the depths of the Northwestern Unknown Land was now, in the originator's mind, about as weird and ridiculous a proposition as any of the adventures of the crazy knight; and he never tired of cracking broad jokes upon the subject.

Of course, as was natural, honest Eli must pose for the faithful squire, Sancho Panza; and long since he had been told the whole story, so that he was now acquainted with most of the peculiarities of that worthy, and even at times managed to tickle his friend and employer by carrying out the idea in some manner.

Owen was not ignorant as to the facts, for it chanced that he had read the book, having found an old copy in his cabin home, the property of his mother; so that he was in a condition to enjoy the joke whenever there happened to be a reference made to the ancient couple.

The storm had long since passed away down the river, growling in the distance for quite a time; but gradually the stars came peeping out in the broad blue dome overhead, and while the woods dripped with the moisture the prospect for a good day on the morrow seemed propitious.

There was room in the tent for three, with a little good-natured crowding; and while Owen protested against intruding he was turned down instantly, and compelled to take his place.

Never in all his life had he been drawn to any one as he was toward these two big-hearted fellows from across the border; and when he lay down finally, after busying himself for half an hour about the fire, he felt like a new boy; such is the confidence generated in the human heart by comradeship.

Owen had intentionally chosen a position near the exit of the tent, for, seeing that he had spent his life under similar conditions, and it was second nature with him to attend to a fire during the night, he would not hear of either of his new friends attempting it.

In spite of his getting up several times between that hour and the breaking of dawn Owen slept sounder than he had done for many a day; he seemed to feel a new confidence in himself, as if matters had taken a turn for the better, and in this accidental meeting with his benefactors his fortunes had begun to assume a less gloomy aspect.

Once, as he was about snuggling down under the extra blanket which had been assigned to him he rested his head upon his hand, his elbow being on the ground, and surveyed the two sleeping lads, for the firelight crept through the opening of the tent, and revealed the interior.

It was difficult for him to believe that he had only known these good fellows a comparatively few hours; so strong a hold had they taken upon his heart that it seemed as though he must have met them in his dreams, for they appeared to be occupying a space in his affections that was theirs by right.

So the morning found them.

When Cuthbert awoke he discovered that the new addition to the exploring party was already busily employed in getting things ready for breakfast; whereupon there arose a friendly argument as to whose duty it was to hustle things for the morning meal.

This was finally settled by arranging matters so that the three of them could take turns about in the daily duties; and Owen chose to begin then.

The others were not averse to letting him have a whack at the culinary department, for they had been going together for a long time now, and both had about exhausted their repertoire in the line of cookery, so that a change would really be a delightful diversion; for almost every camper has his favorite dishes upon which he prides himself, and when two such come together there is always more or less of a friendly rivalry to see which can outdo the other.

By degrees such a party comes to recognize the particularly strong points of each member, so that in the end they make a fine team, every one being a star in his favorite line.

Breakfast was eaten with more or less good natured chaff, such as boys will always indulge in, and older campers as well; for when in the woods it seems as if being brought close back to Nature makes children of us all, showing that it is only the care and worry of a strenuous battle for wealth or power that forces men to appear aged and serious.

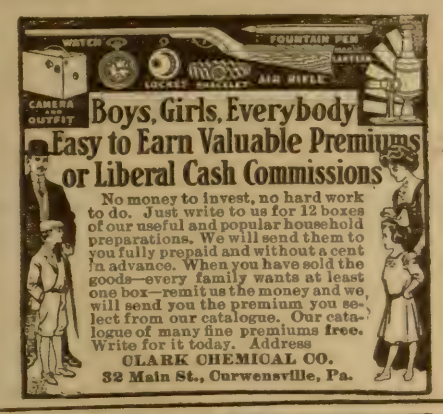
After that came a portage, for the canoes and all the camp duffle had to be transported above the rapids.

Eli now seemed to notice for the first time that their new friend had virtually nothing but his boat and paddle, and loudly he bewailed the wretched misfortune that had caused everything to be swallowed up in the hungry maw of the swift rapids.

At this Owen smiled in a curious manner, and openly confessed that the only damage he had sustained besides getting wet, was the loss of his jacket; and he surely had little regret for that missing garment since Cuthbert had so kindly clothed him with a spare one of his own.

Eli may not have been as able to grasp the true significance of this frank declaration as his comrade; but even he realized that the subject must be a sore one with Owen, and that it was not wise to ask questions or seem curious, so he immediately turned to other matters.

And yet this circumstance could only serve to whet the curiosity of the lad from the lumber regions. Eli did not have quite the delicacy of his companion, having been raised under different circumstances; and while he would not say anything to offend Owen for the world, this did not hinder him from thinking the matter over again and



WATCH
FOUNTAIN PEN
LOCKET
BRACELET
AIR RIFLE
CAMERA AND OUTFIT
Boys, Girls, Everybody
Easy to Earn Valuable Premiums
or Liberal Cash Commissions
No money to invest, no hard work to do. Just write to us for 12 boxes of our useful and popular household preparations. We will send them to you fully prepaid and without a cent in advance. When you have sold the goods—every family wants at least one box—remit us the money and we will send you the premium you select from our catalogue. Our catalogue of many fine premiums free. Write for it today. Address
CLARK CHEMICAL CO.
32 Main St., Curwensville, Pa.

**BE A GOVERNMENT FARMER**
Salary $75; free living quarters, fuel and light. Let us prepare you for examination. Write immediately.
C. J. OZMENT, Dept. 68, St. Louis, Mo.

**BEAUTIFUL WATCHES**
and Other Valuable Presents FREE
to Boys and Girls for a Few Minutes of Your Time Enlisted in Our Service. Write for particulars Today.
ATLAS AGENCY DEPT. "E," Chicago, Illinois

**Make Up Your Own Minstrel Show**

Book full of fun, comic songs, end men's jokes, conundrums, dialogues, stump speeches, funny lectures, plantation sketches, negro songs, dances, banjo solos and marches. Largest, best collection minstrel wit published. It is a large book of 64 double-column pages. By mail postpaid 10c.
C. C. SMITH, TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

**12 POST CARDS FREE**
We will send you 12 of the prettiest post cards you ever saw if you will cut this advertisement out and send to us with 4c to pay postage and mailing and say that you will show them to six of your friends. Address D. 85, New Ideas Card Co., 233 S. 5th St. Phila., Pa.

**YOU CAN STOP**
Your Husband, Son or Friend from **DRINKING**
by using our inexpensive home method. Harmless, no publicity saves health and time. Full particulars in plain envelope upon request. Address E. Fortis, 40 Dearborn St., R.105, Chicago, Ill.

**POULTRY PAPER FREE**
COMMERCIAL POULTRY, a journal devoted to the culture of poultry. Issued monthly. Every number contains valuable information for poultrymen. Its articles are prepared by men who have made a success of raising poultry. They tell the reader, in these articles, how to produce the best results with the smallest expenditure. Don't take our word for this. Send for a sample copy and see for yourself. Write to Commercial Poultry Co., Dept. 23, Marseilles, Ill.

**MORPHINE** Before you pay a cent, we will convince you that Manine permanently cures any drug habit. Guaranteed not to contain Morphine, Laudanum, Opium or any other habit forming drug. No money required in advance, a full month's treatment sent to those afflicted without one cent of deposit. Manine has cured thousands, it will cure you. Give it a free trial. You are to be the sole judge. Address
Manine Medicine Co. 2218 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.
FREE ON APPROVAL

**WONDER OIL LAMP FREE**

This is a Genuine offer to lampusers, made to introduce the Wonder INCANDESCENT 100-CANDLE POWER Kerosene Oil Lamp in every locality. Many times BRIGHTER, CHEAPER and SAFER than Gasoline, Electricity or ordinary lamps for lighting homes, offices, stores, halls and churches. We ask that you show it to your neighbors. If you accept the proposition we will send you, we will give you a lamp FREE. Send your name and name of your nearest express office.
UNITED FACTORIES CO.
Largest Lamp House in America.
1084 FACTORY BLDG., KANSAS CITY, MO.

**STAMP PHOTOS**

We will put your name on them free. The greatest novelty of the novelty age.
Have you a Cabinet Photo or a postcard? If so why not have some Stamp Photos made. They will be perfect reproductions of the photo you send. They are also perforated and gummed, just like a postage stamp. We will offer them to you to introduce them at
**One Cent Each**
IN LOTS OF 100 ONLY.
Send us your photo and one dollar bill and we will make them up immediately. Try them, you'll like them. Your money back if not satisfied. Your photograph positively returned uninjured. We will put your name on them Free of charge.
W. C. Watkins & Co., Box 1505, Pittsburg, Pa.

**YOUR HEART**

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets, the remedy which has made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets will cure you.

**FREE TREATMENT COUPON**
Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. Address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 963 Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Don't risk death by delay. Write at once.

Don't like your gray mustache? Then make it a rich brown or black. Use **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE**
All Druggists sell it. Stylish men use it.

again, and even endeavoring to draw Cuthbert into a discussion concerning the mystery, whenever he found a chance to converse with him alone.

Really, he could not be blamed for this wonder, since it was indeed a strange thing to meet with a wanderer in this vast territory so far from the outposts of civilization entirely destitute of the commonest necessities for comfort or the procuring of food—no blanket, cooking utensils, food, and even a gun missing—well, there surely lay back of this a story of unusual interest; and for one Eli hoped their new friend would soon take them into his confidence, at least so far that they might be able to help him.

After some hard work all the stuff was carried to a point above the rapids, where they could readily launch their craft without being carried down into the hungry maw of the swirling flood.

The river had risen somewhat after the rainstorm of the previous night, and evidently there would be no lack of water above; this is always a welcome fact to those who navigate toward the headwaters of rivers, since it is no sport to track canoes over almost dry beds of streams, making "shoes" for the boats in order to prevent their being torn by sharp rocks during the passage.

Owing to the current, which was particularly swift in the region of the rapids, they had to bend to the paddle with considerable vim when the start was eventually made; but the cruisers were young, and their muscles well seasoned by more or less hard work, so that they gradually drew away from the vicinity of Owen's mad voyage among the rocks and sucking whirls of the

gested that they take advantage of an alluring point where the trees hung over the water and the situation seemed especially adapted for a campfire, Eli greeted the proposal with a grunt of unaffected delight, while even the well seasoned Owen felt that something to eat would not come in amiss.

To most of us the time to eat is ever a welcome one, especially when we know there are good things in the larder; and with boys this thing of appetite is an ever present reality, and the point of sufficiency seldom reached.

Soon a cheery fire had been started, and Owen persisted in taking charge of the preparations for lunch, giving them a species of flapjack that neither had ever seen before, and which they pronounced fine.

Owen's eyes alone told that he appreciated their praise, for he uttered no word to betray the fact. He was a singularly quiet lad, and Cuthbert, who made it something of a fad to study human nature wherever he found it, felt certain that his past life had been mixed up with considerable of sorrow.

All that morning they had not met a solitary human being upon the river, and when Eli commented upon this, their new comrade assured them that it was no unusual thing to go for several days thus, especially at this time of year, when the Indians and halfbreeds who trapped for the fur company were hunting back in the forests, laying in venison to be "jerked" or dried for consumption during the winter months, when attending to their traps far up the small branches of the Saskatchewan, or the Athabasca.

They met one Indian in a birch canoe.

drop in the river; and the further they went the easier the paddling became.

The morning was cool and invigorating after the storm, so that it was not to be wondered at that our young friends felt joyous, and presently Eli broke out in a lumberman's "chanty" that he had picked up while in camp—Cuthbert joined in the chorus, and unable to withstand the seductive strains Owen found himself also lifting his voice and adding volume to the merry sound.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THREE SMOKE SIGNALS.

Cuthbert was delighted when he heard the Canadian's lad's voice, for he realized that it was one of rare sweetness as well as power; and being fond of singing, and knowing scores of college songs, he promised himself he would in good time teach them to Owen, for their voices would blend admirably, while Eli's had a certain harshness about it that rather swamped his own baritone.

And he was also aware that the voyageurs of the Canadian wilds have numerous French boating songs of their own, that are wonderfully adapted to the rhythm and swing of the paddle; possibly Owen would know some such, and might be induced to sing them on occasion, all of which would add to the delight of their advance over the waters, onward into further depths of the wilderness where mystery brooded and the unknown abounded, for them, at least.

They had managed to make a few miles, but the current was mighty difficult to back up against, and when finally Cuthbert suggested that they take advantage of an alluring point where the trees hung over the water and the situation seemed especially adapted for a campfire, Eli greeted the proposal with a grunt of unaffected delight, while even the well seasoned Owen felt that something to eat would not come in amiss.

In the spring the posts of the Hudson Bay Company are busy places, with these various companies of voyageurs and trappers coming in with their loads, for which they are paid, partly in cash and the balance in store goods—it is then that the resident factor has to exercise his wisdom in handling so varied an assortment of characters, and keeping them from getting into fierce fights, since they are bound to get hold of more or less liquor, and the closing of a successful season, with a period of rest before them is apt to make them hilarious.

Cuthbert asked many questions along this line, being sincerely desirous of obtaining information at first hands; but while Owen answered readily enough, and explained any point that seemed a bit hazy to his listeners, it might have been noted that he did not offer to launch out into a voluntary description of life as it was to be seen at one of these posts—Cuthbert even fancied that the subject was not wholly pleasing to the lad, and came to the conclusion that whatever of trouble Owen might have met with recently, it must have had some connection with one of these posts.

They were delayed for some time after eating, for Cuthbert was desirous of attending to some little thing that needed fixing about the canoe; and Owen, who had never set eyes on a cedar boat of this delicate character, willingly lent a hand to the accomplishment of the task, satisfied to just handle such a dainty wizard craft, which in his eyes, accustomed to canoes of birch, or even dugouts, and others made of animal skins, assumed the character of something almost too pretty to be touched.

They paddled for just about three hours that afternoon, and met one Indian in a birch bark canoe, shooting downstream.

Both Cuthbert and Eli greeted him heartily; but they noticed that he looked at their new companion in something of a strange manner, though not saying a word to Owen, who seemed to pay no attention to the copper-skinned voyager.

If the scowl upon the face of the lone paddler was any indication of his feelings, there could not possibly be any love lost between them; and noticing that one of the fellow's eyes seemed swollen, the idea thrust itself into Cuthbert's mind, ridiculous as it might seem, that possibly Owen might have had something to do with that catastrophe.

Cuthbert had kept his eyes on the alert for a good spot where they could pass the next night, and it lacked half an hour to sunset when he gave utterance to a shout, and pointed with his paddle at the shore ahead.

"There's the very place, boys, and it's no use going any further. Just an ideal spot to pitch the tent, and the background will make a dandy picture when I get my camera in focus on it in the morning, for the sun must rise, let's see, over across the river, and shine right on the front of the tent. I've been baffled so often in trying for that same effect that I don't mean to miss this opportunity if I can help it. So here's looking at you, and we'll head in if you please."

Owen opened his mouth as if tempted to say something, but caught himself in time, and silently acquiesced, sending his boat shoreward with vigorous dips of the paddle that told how little his energy had been exhausted by the day's work.

It was a fine spot, too, and Eli was loud in his delight; though, knowing his capacity for stowing away food from long experience, Cuthbert was secretly of the opinion that much of his enthusiasm sprang from the fact that a halt just then brought dinner closer, rather than an artistic appreciation of the surroundings.

That had always been the "fly in the ointment" with those two strangely assorted companions—one of them was of a romantic disposition, and inclined to seeing the elements in a glorious sunset that appealed to his soul, while with Eli, it only meant that the following day would, in all likelihood, be a fine one.

And that was one of the reasons why Cuthbert welcomed the coming of Owen, for somehow he fancied that the young Canadian might be built along his own lines, and able to sympathize with him as the good-hearted but crude Eli never could, since it was not in his nature to go beyond the substantial and matter-of-fact. Nevertheless, he was a "bully good fellow," as Cuthbert was wont to declare, and in time of stress and difficulty could be depended on to the utmost, being honest, willing and obliging, three necessary elements in a camping comrade that go far to make amends for any little shortage in artistic temperament.

The whole three of the cruisers were soon busily engaged, for there is always plenty for all hands to do when pitching camp, what with the raising of the tent, the making of a fireplace upon which coffee pot and frying pan will rest cozily, the digging of a ditch on the higher ground back of the shelter, if there seems the slightest possible chance of rain before morning—well, every one who has been there knows how the opportunities for doing something open up to a willing campmate, so there is hardly any use in enumerating them here.

When darkness finally fell upon them all these things had been taken care of, and they were in fine fettle for the stay, whether it be of long or short duration, even to a pile of firewood close at hand.

Supper was next in order, but that was a pleasure in which all insisted in taking a share in preparing as well as demolishing; and it was wonderful how speedily things


# Practical Christmas Gifts on Credit

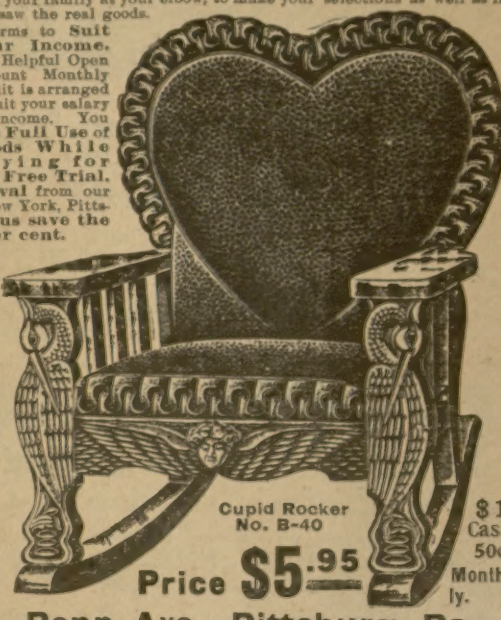
This Big Illustrated Home-Furnishing Catalog No. 32 SENT FREE to any address in the United States. WRITE TODAY.

It doesn't matter where you live, this FREE CATALOG shows you how you can buy FURNITURE, RUGS, CARPETS, STOVES and HOME FURNISHINGS ON LONG TIME, OPEN ACCOUNT CREDIT TERMS. With this BIG BOOK in front of you you can see our huge stock of CARPETS, RUGS and DRAPERIES in actual colors—and our magnificent line of Furniture, Ranges, Stoves, Refrigerators, Go-Carts, Sewing Machines, Silverware, Cutlery, Dishes, Washing Machines, Phonographs, Records, Clocks, Etc., are all illustrated from actual photographs. These pictures combined with accurate descriptions enable you right at home, with your family at your elbow, to make your selections as well as if you saw the real goods.

Terms to Suit Your Income. Our Helpful Open Account Monthly Credit is arranged to suit your salary or income. You have Full Use of Goods While Paying for Them. We Ship Goods on 30 Days' Free Trial. We ship all goods direct to you on Approval from our big factories and distributing points: New York, Pittsburg, Cincinnati and Chicago. You thus save the middleman's profit of 20 to 50 per cent.

Use the Goods One Month and if not Satisfactory Return at Our Expense. We will Refund Your Payment and Freight Expense. We take all the RISK.

SEND US $1 and we will ship you this unique "Cupid Rocker" made of solid oak, handsomely carved, upholstered in sylvan leather, front posts have clever "stork" design, while front panel contains a "cupid head" deeply carved. The upholstered back is "heart" shaped and has spring seat, with ruffled front. We are the exclusive manufacturers of this new "Cupid Rocker." Order one Today.



Cupid Rocker No. B-40

Price $5.95 — $1 Cash 50c Monthly.

Our References--Any Bank or Express Company in United States.

Spear & Company, Penn Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

LEARN VETERINARY DENTISTRY and make $2000 a year. We teach you at home in three months of your spare time by illustrated lectures and grant diploma with degree. Particulars free. The Detroit Veterinary Dental College, Detroit, Mich.

326 NEW SONGS & MUSIC 10c

Oh You Kid, Baby Doll, Honey Boy, Four Boy, My Wife's Gone to the Country, I Was I Had a Slot, Harvest Moon, Dreamy Eyes, Bird on Nellie's Hat, Morning Of, Love Me and the World is Mine, I Love My Wife, but oh You Kid, When I Marry You, Red Wing, Rainbow, Ida Sis, Cheyenne, &c. Big Book of over 300 Latest Song Hits (over 100 New ones this year.) Also the Big Hit MERRY WIDOW WALTZ complete with WORDS AND MUSIC. Big Cat. & List, a $1 Doo Bill & a Gold Prize Ticket and 23 Fine Post Card Views. All sent Post Paid for only 10c, or 3 lots 25c. Don't miss this great offer, you'll be delighted. STAR MUSIC CO., HURLEYVILLE, N.Y.

FITS EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS

Why despair, if others have failed; send at once for a treatise and Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study, and warrant my remedy to give immediate and successful relief. I have hundreds of testimonials from those who have been cured. Give express and P. O. address.
W. H. PEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., New York

ELEGANT THIN MODEL 20 YEAR WATCH

Hunting case, beautifully engraved, gold finished throughout, stem wind and stem set, fitted with Fruby jeweled American lever movement. Guaranteed 20 years; with long gold plated chain for Ladies or vest chain for Gents.

$3.95

20 Year Guarantee

IF YOU SEE IT YOU WILL BUY IT. Let us send it without expense to you C.O.D. express charges paid by us, for examination at your nearest express office and if you think it a bargain and equal in appearance to any $15.00 gold finished watch pay the express agent $3.95 and it is yours. Mention if you want LADIES' MEN'S or BOYS' Size. Address
H. C. FARBER, R 59, 225 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

BAND INSTRUMENT BARGAINS

CORNETS $6.60 up, Trombones $7.75 up, Altos $9.95 up, Tenors $12.25 up, Baritones $13.95 up, Tubas $15.35 up; "Eugene Le Seur Et Cie" and M. Couesnon Et Cie's wonderful instruments; beautifully engraved, full clear tone, responsive action; guaranteed 10 years, 10 days free trial. 50 FREE LESSONS by best teachers with each instrument. Write to-day for our big free special Band and Orchestra instrument catalog and see our wonderfully low prices and fine goods.
JOHN M. SMYTH CO., 150-207 West Madison Street CHICAGO.

SMAX

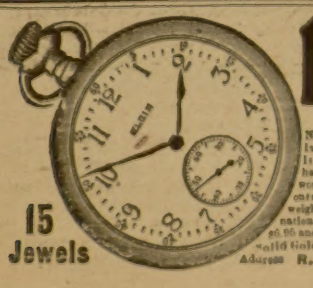
These four letters are used by some people to spell the name of a day of great rejoicing that comes to us all, rich and poor, once a year. What do you make out of it? We want to introduce our product and have adopted this method this year of giving away quantities of samples instead of advertising so heavily as some competitors do. Arrange the above four letters so as to spell the coming great national holiday and send to us with 4 one-cent stamps and we will send you by return mail a half-dozen beautiful silk embossed and Christmas post cards and our great Holiday bargain offer. You will be greatly pleased.
POST CARD HOUSE, 39 BROADWAY, SPRINGFIELD MASS.

WE BUY FURS AND HIDES

for spot cash. 10 to 50% more money for you to ship Raw Furs and Hides to us than to sell at home. Write for Price List, Market Report, Shipping Tags, and about our

HUNTERS' & TRAPPERS' GUIDE 2d Edition. $10,000 Book

450 pages, leather bound. Best thing on the subject ever written. Illustrating all Fur Animals. All about Trappers' Secrets, Decoys, Traps, Game Laws. How and where to trap, and to become a successful trapper. It's a regular Encyclopedia. Price, $2. To our customers, $1.25. Hides tanned into beautiful Robes. Our Magnetic Bait and Decoy attracts animals to traps, $1.00 per bottle. Ship your Hides and Furs to us and get highest prices. Andersch Bros., Dept. 77, Minneapolis, Minn.



15 Jewel Elgin

Never before has a 15 ruby jeweled Elgin watch been offered at this price. Regular men's size, worth $20.00 to any man who requires a perfect timekeeper. It is manufactured by the Elgin Nat'l Watch Co. and stamped 15 jewels. Fitted in heavy or medium weight solid ore-silver dust proof screw case, both case and work guaranteed for 20 years. SEEING IS BELIEVING. Cut this out and send it to us with your name, post office and express office address, stating weight wanted, Heavy or Medium, and we will send the watch by express for examination. If satisfactory after examination pay express agent our bargain sale price $6.95 and express charges and it is yours. We furnish this watch in 20 year guarantee Solid Gold Filled case for $9.95. State kind wanted, Silver at $6.95 or Gold at $9.95.

15 Jewels

Reduced to $6.95

Address R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 388 Dearborn St., CHICAGO

O. K. C. WHISKEY THE BEST

If you do not know this your neighbor surely does as most every one knows O. K. C. Whiskey. It is better today than ever. We also sell it for less. We can afford to do it as we put it in gallon jugs, you don't have to pay for bottles. Our guarantee: Send us $2.98 and we will ship you one gal. jug O.K.C. Whiskey, either Rye or Bourbon, in plain box by return express prepaid If you do not find it purer, richer and more delicious than ever and better than any whiskey you have ever used, return it and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

No marks on box to show contents

| | |
|---|---|
| 1-gallon Jug | $2.98 |
| 2-gallon Jug | 5.46 |
| 4 Quarts | 3.20 |
| 8 Quarts | 5.90 |

O. K. C. Whiskey, Rye or Bourbon. Express Prepaid

O. K. C. LIQUOR CO. Dept. 85
O. K. C. Liquor Bldg, CHICAGO, ILL.

## Thousands Saving Watch Money—
## *Why Not YOU!*

**OUR OFFER** We have purchased, direct from the maker, an immense stock of the best and most famous watches in America, which we are offering at prices that mean an actual saving of from $3 to $20 on every watch, depending on the grade you select. To prove to the public that we are cutting under the prices at which the same make of watches are sold by retail jewelers, we are sending them out **on approval, express prepaid,** with return privilege if not found to be the most astounding bargains ever offered to watch buyers.

## America's Most Famous Watch
### Sold by Retail Jewelers at Almost Double Our Prices!

For 39 years these watches have stood for supremacy in watchmaking skill. Their fame is as wide as the world. To state, in a public announcement, the name of this watch, would ruin the trade of thousands of retail jewelers who sell these watches at "fixed" prices.

Our catalog gives inside information that will create a tremendous sensation. Send for it NOW and get the whole story.

## 10,000 Watches to be Distributed for Examination and Comparison!

We will send any watch you select for 30 days' examination and test.

The distribution is now in progress. Our offer is attracting the attention of thousands. Every mail brings a deluge of applications for watches and catalogs. The public is awakening to the fact that the present retail prices on watches are an outrage.

Our offer gives you the opportunity of actually having the watch in your hands, making the most thorough examination, the most rigid comparisons and tests without risking or losing a single penny.

## Greatest Opportunity in Watch History!

Remember that this great offer is made on a watch of acknowledged supremacy—the name of whose maker has been the "watch-word" for over a generation.

Our great Watch Catalog tells how it is possible for us to make the lowest prices ever offered in the history of the watch business.

### Watches for Christmas!

This is your opportunity—RIGHT NOW! —before CHRISTMAS—to get a watch for *yourself or a present for a friend, at a* **tremendous saving!** What finer gift could you make than one of these famous watches!

### Our 25-Year Guarantee

Our guarantee on every one of these famous watches is an Insurance Policy that runs 25 years. It is the broadest, most sweeping Watch Guarantee ever made—**worth everything to the owner.**

### CREDIT to the PUBLIC!

Your credit is good with us, whether you choose an inexpensive watch or one of the most elaborate styles. A small amount paid monthly secures just as low prices as cash with order. We give you the same liberal credit that is extended to retail jewelers.

### Great Watch Catalog FREE!

Cut out and mail the coupon or send a postal at once for Beautiful Christmas Catalog of Watches, Diamonds and Jewelry. See the Magnificent collection of Watches, the brilliant array of Diamonds, the wonderful assortment of finest Jewelry—ALL OFFERED AT MARVELOUSLY LOW PRICES!

This great Christmas Catalog gives **inside facts** about the watch situation. Saves you at least one-third on the price. Send NOW!

### Sign and Mail Now For Our STARTLING OFFER!

**Lincoln Watch & Jewelry Co.**
**3353 Mosprat St., Chicago**

*Gentlemen—Please send at once your* **Great Free Watch Catalog and Offer** *to*

*Name* _____

*Town* _____

*R.F.D.* _____ *State* _____

**LINCOLN WATCH & JEWELRY CO., 3353 Mosprat St., CHICAGO**

**25** SOLID GOLD BACKGROUND SILK CRUSHED PLUSH FINISH **Christmas Post Cards** **10c**

The most beautiful Post Cards for the money ever sold. 25 All Different designs, printed in many colors and gold, brightly colored Holly and Mistletoe, Christmas Bells, etc. Our customers say that they get better values at lower prices from us than from any other house. Write for these 25 cards Today. C. HERMAN & CO., 43 CAXTON BLDG., CHICAGO

PRICE LIST SENT FREE UPON APPLICATION

## RIEGER'S PURE OLD MONOGRAM WHISKEY

Purity and age guarantee **Good Whiskey.** Rieger's Monogram is absolutely pure and wholesome. **Guaranteed under the Pure Food Laws.** Its exquisite, smooth, mellow flavor has made it a lasting favorite with over 100,000 satisfied customers. We are U. S. Registered Distillers (Distillery No. 360, 5th Dist. of Ky.) Why pay exhorbitant prices, when you can buy Rieger's Monogram Whiskey at the regular wholesale dealer's price, and save money by ordering your goods shipped direct.

**WE PREPAY ALL EXPRESS CHARGES**

**8 Qts. Rieger's Monogram PRIVATE STOCK $5.00**

**4 Qts. Rieger's Monogram EXTRA FINE $3.00**

**FREE WITH EACH ORDER**
Two sample bottles of Rieger's Fine Monogram Whiskey, Gold-tipped Whiskey Glass and Patent Corkscrew.

**No Marks on Packages to Indicate Contents**

Send us an order and when you get the Whiskey, test it for flavor, smoothness and all the essentials of **GOOD Whiskey.** Compare it with other Whiskies (no matter what the price); test it for medicinal purposes; let your friends try it; use half of it if necessary to satisfy yourself on these points—then if you are not thoroughly convinced that "Rieger's Monogram" is as good as any Whiskey you ever drank, return the balance to us and we will pay return charges and at once send you every cent of your money.

**J. RIEGER & CO., 1508 Genesee St., Kansas City, Mo.**


were managed with so many cooks eager to assist the chef.

During their afternoon trip upstream they had trolled with a couple of lines back of the boat, and fortune had smiled upon them sufficiently to provide them with fish for the evening meal, which Owen cooked in the manner most favored in this region, where trout may be looked on as a common, everyday article of food, and not in the line of luxury.

Of course, there is no necessity to tell how perfectly delicious that dinner turned out to be, for every one knows that fish are at their best when eaten in the very spot they are taken from their native element; and that being placed on the ice for hours or days takes their delicate flavor away, and renders the flesh soft and crumbly and next to tasteless.

And Owen confessed that the cup of Ceylon tea which he drank was the first he had tasted for a year; and he also gave his companions to understand that he had been brought up by a Scotch mother to look upon tea as nectar fit for the gods.

After the feast they lay back and took life easy, all of them being actually too surfeited to think of such a thing as cleaning up the pots and pans for the time being, that little task being left until later, when they would possess more energy and ambition.

Eli apparently had something on his mind, and as he filled his pipe, preparatory to enjoying his customary after-dinner smoke, he opened the subject by remarking:

"I say, boys, did either of you notice that line of smoke down the river, just at the time we were heading for the shore? I was going to call your attention to it, but something that was said about the spot for this camp drew my attention, and I clean forgot it till now."

"I didn't notice anything—in fact, I was so much taken up with looking for a jolly place to bunk tonight that I reckon I never once glance back. How about you, Owen?" asked Cuthbert, turning to the new comrade.

He knew the other had seen the smoke even before Owen spoke, because something like a flash spread over his swarthy face, though his eyes looked straight at Cuthbert without a sign of flinching.

"Yes, I saw it—in fact, I had turned my head a dozen times in the last half-hour, expecting something of the sort," he remarked, composedly.

"It wasn't a forest fire—not near dense enough for that; and yet it looked queer for a campfire—as near as I could make out there were several of 'em, all in a row, and climbing straight up like columns," declared Eli, wagging his head mysteriously.

"Just three," added Owen, gloomily, and yet with a gritting of his teeth that excited Cuthbert's curiosity more than a little.

"Three smokes in a row—I declare, that sounds like a signal; the Indians down in Florida always communicate in that way, and have a regular code, so that they can send long messages across the swamps and pine forests," he remarked.

"That's just what it was, a smoke signal; and the Cree Indian we met on the river sent it to others of his race upstream," observed the young Canadian.

Cuthbert immediately remembered that he had seen the lone paddler turn a look that was a mingling of surprise and displeasure upon Owen when the canoes passed in midstream, and his former thought that these two had met before, and that the husky lad might even have had to do with the mournful black eye of the aborigine, came back with added force just now; still, he was not the one to ask questions, and unless the other chose to take his new friends fully into his confidence, whatever the mystery that lay in his past must always remain so.

"Yes," went on Owen, bitterly, "it was meant to give notice to one who is interested in my movements that I had apparently changed my mind, and did not intend to leave the neighborhood as speedily as had been expected—that's all."

### CHAPTER V.

### FALSE CHART OF DUBOIS.

No more was said just then; but naturally enough both Cuthbert and Eli could not get the matter out of their minds. The duties of the hour had occupied their attention upon first landing—the pitching of the waterproof tent, gathering of fuel, and kindred occupations incident to getting things ready for the coming night, so that now they could take things easy.

Cuthbert had some sort of rude map of the region, which he had purchased from an old French-Canadian voyageur during earlier stages of his trip; he did not know how reliable it might prove to be, though thus far the young explorers had not found it amiss to any very great extent.

When he found a chance he meant to drag this document out from its place of hiding among the various charts of the Hudson Bay country which he carried along, and get Owen's opinion as to its trustworthy character.

This would give him an opportunity to renew his acquaintance with the lay of the land above, and in some way it might cause their strange new friend to open his heart, and take them more fully into his confidence with relation to his previous connections here.

Cuthbert was pretty positive that there was some sort of a Hudson Bay trading post on this same stream, situated in an isolated quarter—most of them went under the name of a fort, and indeed, they were built to resist any attack that might be made upon them by Indians or disorderly halfbreeds; for there were at times vast quantities of valuable plunder held in these posts, in the shape of rare peltries, and the many things the trappers took in part payment for their winter's catch, so that a clean-out of a distant post would mean a serious loss to the great company that for scores of years had carried on this business of gathering the precious skins of silver foxes, lynx, badger, mink, otter, fisher, marten, opossum, beaver, bear, wolves and muskrats.

The meal was, as we have seen, soon prepared, and partaken of with that keen relish known only to those who live in the open.

As usual the boys had grouped themselves around the fire at the time the question of the smoke signals arose, each bent upon doing some individual task, that had been upon his mind; for it is the natural habit after dining heartily to desire to rest from strenuous exertion, and take up little matters that require possibly only the manipulation of the hands, or the action of the brain.

Eli seemed deeply interested in some specimens he had picked up close to their noon camp, and which held forth alluring promises of copper—it was the chief fad of his life to run across a lode of the valuable metal in this far-North country; and make his everlasting fortune that way; for in secret the Michigan lad hugged certain plans for future world-wide travel to his heart, all of which, while extremely visionary at present, would be easily possible when his "ship came home," and that rich copper deposit cropped up before his eager eyes.

Few boys there be who fail to have a hobby of some sort—with some it is the pretty general craze for stamp collecting, others go in for coins, autographs, birds eggs, specimens of birds, weapons of world-wide people, rabbits, pigeons—well, the list is almost inexhaustible, when you come to think of it.

Cuthbert's weakness, as has already been seen, lay in the line of travel and exploration, and the chances were that as he grew older he would develop into a bona fide Livingstone or a Stanley, eager to see far-away lands where the feet of a white man had probably never before wandered, and the mystery of which he might be the very first to unearth.

With Eli it was copper, morning, noon and night; he asked a thousand questions about the ore, where it had been found, what the character of the rocks peculiar to the region, and all such things, making copious notes the while, until as his comrade Cuthbert said, he should be about one of the best posted fellows in that line in the country—still, up to this day he had not met with such a measure of success as to turn his head; though Eli was a most determined chap, and bound to hold on after the manner of a bulldog, once he had taken a grip.

Perhaps Owen also had his particular hobby; but if so the others had as yet been granted little opportunity of realizing what it was.

Given time and it would no doubt develop itself.

Cuthbert had a good deal of patience, and prided himself on his waiting qualities, so that he made little effort to hasten matters.

As he had planned, however, while he sat by the glowing fire, which felt very good on this cool night, he drew out the bunch of charts, and began to absorb himself in the maze of lines and figures, anticipating that when Owen saw what he had before him he must evince more or less curiosity concerning the same, and offer to pass upon their genuine value.

The Canadian lad sat for some time staring into the fire, as though lost in self-communion; and Cuthbert could easily imagine that affairs connected with his life in this country were engrossing his attention.

Many a sly look did Cuthbert flash over that way, for somehow there seemed to be a wonderful fascination about Owen's personality that appealed strongly to him, though he found it utterly impossible to analyze this feeling, in order to make out whether it was pure sympathy toward one who had evidently rubbed up against the hard places of life while to him had been given the "snaps;" or on the other hand if it might be the realization that in this waif of the Unknown Land his soul had discovered the mate or chum for which he had looked so long and so far—perhaps it might be a commingling of the two.

Twice had Owen risen, and the other imagined he was about to come around to his side of the fire to glance over his shoulder at the charts; but both times young Dugdale had simply stepped to the pile of wood and taking up an armful, tossed it upon the dying blaze.

Cuthbert was beginning to fancy he would have to make a move himself to draw the other's attention to what he was doing, so wrapped up did Owen seem in his own personal affairs; when suddenly he discovered that those wonderfully keen gray eyes of the rover were glued upon the papers he held upon his lap.

Then it was that Owen did come around to his side of the fire, and the disturbed look upon his face gave way to a bright smile as he remarked:

"I didn't notice what you had there, before. I was so bound up in my own affairs. I suppose those are maps of this country you have; perhaps I could be useful in telling you whether they are accurate or not, for I rather guess I've picked up considerable information during these years of wandering in the woods here. If you don't mind me looking at them——"

"Why to tell the truth that's just what I was wishing you would do, old chap, but I hated to break in on your brown study. Here's a supposed-to-be reliable chart of this region, which I paid a man a good sum to get up for me; but already I've found it more or less crooked, and have begun to lose confidence in its accuracy. Perhaps you could show up the faults, and set me right, so that if the time ever comes when I have to depend on the thing I won't get astray; for truth to tell it would be no fun to find oneself lost on these upper reaches of the great Saskatchewan. Sit right down here, and squint your optic over this set of hen-tracks, made by the halfbreed, Dubois."

"Dubois, you say—why, I know the fellow well. He ought to be able to make a decent map of this country, for he's spent many years roaming over it, though I think he was more concerned about stealing some honest trapper's pelts than anything else. Why, see here, he's made an awful botch of this thing right around this quarter, where he certainly knows every foot of ground. I suspect that the greasy old rascal had some object in misleading you—I

**BLOOD POISON**

Cured by the Marvel of the Century, the Obbac System

Drives out blood poison in any stage permanently, without deadly mercury, or iodide of potash, but with purely vegetable, safe ingredients. To prove it we will send you a

**30 Day Treatment Free**

Symptoms leave quick. Cure yourself at home now. Send for free treatment and remarkable book on Cure of Blood Poison.
THE OBBAC CO., 890 Rector Bldg., Chicago

SPORTING GOODS. Dice and Cards a specialty. Cat. Free. B. L. Smythe Co., Newark, Mo.

RACY postcards; for men only; loud ones; front views; 6 for 15c, 12 for 25c. Box 206, Albion, Mich.

MONEY Made quickly by smart men T. Artel Co., 115 Nassau St., N.Y.

SPORTING GOODS Dice, Cards, etc. Catalog Free M. HILL, Swanton, Ohio

SECRETS and Wonders of Hypnotism revealed free, Science Inst., B32 Monroe St., Chicago

SOMETHING different. For men. No fake. Return, get money back. 10c. B. Tyre Co., Council Bluffs, Ia.

SPORTING GOODS Cards, Dice, etc. Catalog free. G. LEE & CO., Salida, Colo.

A MAIDEN'S DREAM, Pictures before and after marriage, 26 rich colored post card views, all 10c. Box 619, PROVIDENCE, R.I.

RODS SPANISH NEEDLES, GOLDOMETERS for Treasure Seekers. Booklet Free. P. & M. AGENCY, 27 Bay St., PALMYRA, PA

12 GAY Pictures, 10 cts. LOVE LETTERS and Rare Book with 20 spicy Female BOOK CO., Box 619, Providence, R.I.

GERM OF PASSION 10c: "Gazette," 10c "Man's Ruin," 10c; all three and (free) Art Picture 25c. A. King Co., Andover, O.

LOVERS GUIDE, or An Easy Road to Marriage Tells "How to Court a Bashful Girl, "How to Woo an Heiress, "How a Lady Should Manage Her Beau to Make Him Propose Marriage, "How to Catch a Rich Bachelor, "Love Letters, "How to Win the Favor of Ladies, "Wedding Etiquette, &c., &c. All subjects treated in a manner that will be found most helpful to Lovers. This Great Book sent Prepaid for only 10c or 3 for 25c. TEEL BOOK CO., HURLEYVILLE, N.Y.

MAKE MONEY BY RAISING POULTRY. Pleasant and Profitable Work. We will send "Poultry Lessons for the Amateur," postage prepaid, with each yearly subscription to COMMERCIAL POULTRY, at fifty cents a year. Send for free sample. Box 33, Commercial Poultry Publishing Company, Marseilles, Ill.

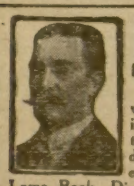
WHITE SLAVE GIRLS of CHICAGO
CONFESSIONS of an ACTRESS
CHICAGO BY NIGHT Including 7 vivid Pictures
HUMAN NATURE For sale only by us. If you OR MEN and WOMEN EXPOSED, are interested in good books send us 6 cts. postage for circular also 148 page catalog of other interesting Books, Jewelry & Novelties. GEM NOVELTY CO., 561 Broadway, Palmyra, Pa.

**Stricture** TREATMENT Guaranteed.

If you are suffering with Stricture, enlarged prostate, difficulty to retain or pass water, you will get immediate relief and a speedy cure by using

SKEEN'S PAINLESS STRICTURE CURE
No Cutting, Dilating or Drugging.

Your money back in 30 days if not satisfied. No red tape to this proposition. Our booklet, "An Honest Talk," sent free with GUARANTEE, will open your eyes and convince you. Write at once to
D. A. SKEEN 23 Allen Bldg., Cincinnati, O.



**MEN** FREE TRIAL

If you suffer from Nervous Weakness or Debility, Lack of Vigor and Vitality, Premature old age, due to overwork, excesses and youthful follies; Lame Back, Dizziness, Weariness, Worn Out Feeling, Nervous Indigestion, Torpid Liver, Kidney and Bladder trouble, send for my FREE BOOK, with valuable information for you, also a FREE LIBERAL TRIAL TREATMENT of the Famous Parker Remedy, used so successfully by my late husband, a well known physician, for over 27 years in treating diseases peculiar to men. Don't put off this important duty to yourself; write today.
Mrs. H. C. Parker, 519 Main St. Desk 9 Toledo, O.

**$3.50 RECIPE CURES WEAK MEN---FREE**

Send Name and Address Today
—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervour debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood, and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3791 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

wouldn't put it past him to plan so that you might be lost up here, when he and some companions just as unscrupulous as himself, would come on the scene and demand a big sum to get you out of the scrape. I know of several things he has done as bad as that," remarked Owen, with indignation in his voice.

So he began to point out the false lines in the map, and at Cuthbert's suggestion he erased the pencil lines and made new ones as he went along, so that at the end of an hour that particular chart was entirely changed, presenting so new an aspect that the explorer was aroused to declare that the miserable deceiver, Dubois, would hear something not to his liking in case they ever met again.

"This Hudson Bay post which you have marked on the river above us—what is the name it is known by—he did not identify it except as a station?" asked Cuthbert, putting a finger on the cross.

"Fort Harmony," replied Owen, with a twitch about the corners of his mouth that seemed to be along the sarcastic order, as if deep down in his heart the lad thought the name might be a misnomer, according to his own experience.

"I suppose it is something of a store, being so far up in the wilderness; and is in charge of—a factor, I believe they call the boss?" pursued Cuthbert.

"Oh, yes. He is a grizzled old Scotchman, Alexander Gregory by name, who has been in the employ of the company most of his life, and is known as their most trusted agent. He is believed to be very rich; but though he is scrupulously honest and knows how to drive those under him to their best abilities, he is a harsh, cold-blooded man, seeking no companionship, making no warm friends, and apparently bent only on accumulating wealth and doing his full duty to the company he has served so long a time."

Cuthbert could easily read the strong tinge of bitterness in the other's voice while he was thus talking, and he knew that whatever Owen's troubles might be, they were connected in some way with this man of iron, who for years had ruled after the manner of a despot in this distant country along the upper branches of the Saskatchewan.

He was glad to know even so much about the man Gregory, whom he found himself beginning to dislike most cordially, even though he had never as yet set eye on his grim face, just because he believed the other had abused Owen in some way.

Owen seemed to remember himself just there, and would say no more along those lines, though quite willing to talk as long as his friend wished in connection with the country, and the best route for them to follow.

Another half-hour passed thus in communion, and Cuthbert picked up considerable information that was apt to prove of benefit to him in the future—just how valuable he did not then suspect.

Eli had some time back given up his studies of the specimens he had found, and joined in the general conversation; and his views were usually as shrewd as they seemed quaint, for he possessed many of the traits generally accredited to the Yankee from Down-East; and a natural keenness had been further sharpened by his constant rubbing up against all manner of men in the great logging camps of the Michigan peninsula.

It was getting near the time for them to fix the fire for the night, and seek the shelter of their blankets, when Owen, whose hearing was phenomenally keen, held up his hand, and remarked, with some show of excitement:

"Somebody coming this way through the woods—not from the direction of the post, but the other way. Perhaps it would be just as well to be prepared, for you never know who to trust up here until he proves himself to be a friend!"

(Continued next week.)

## A Loveless Bridal.

(Continued from page five.)

upon Ramon, who returned the glare in silence.

"Of course you know what became of those notes," continued Doctor Judas heartlessly.

"I—I——"

"Certainly, Ramon. I have mentioned no names. I have only said that upon the night of his death Simon Goldfish was visited by a certain young man——"

"Fiend! devil! monster!"

Ramon was on his feet, his face turning two colors at the same time and his eyes flashing fire. "I am in your power. Have you no mercy?"

"I wanted five thousand dollars," said Doctor Judas, "and you promised to obtain the sum for me."

"But I've failed."

"Go back or better luck. I'll be lenient with you. I'll give you twenty-four hours."

"What if I fail again?"

"That's your lookout, not mine," was the answer.

"My wife is dead against me. She swears vengeance against all who drove her to the loveless altar."

The doctor, with the air of Mephistopheles, leant toward Ramon and transfixed him with his merciless eyes.

"Does Mrs. Marcella Doan care to see her husband swing from the gallows?" he asked, in low but piercing tones.

A startling cry broke from Ramon's lips.

"Would you—dare you go thus far?" he exclaimed.

"You do not know Doctor Judas," was the reply. "Your wife may hate you with that sort of hatred born in hades, but would she be willing to see her husband march to the gallows?"

"It is too terrible!" cried Ramon. "I cannot stand it!"

He dropped back into his chair and covered his face with his hands.

He did not see Doctor Judas lean across the table and trace upon a sheet of paper some hurried words.

The little doctor was as cool as a clam. His hand did not tremble while he wrote, and when he had placed the paper where Ramon would be sure to see it he rose, and with another glance at the young man, stole noiselessly from the room.

When Ramon opened his eyes and looked up he found himself alone.

"The fiend is gone!" he exclaimed. "Why didn't I throttle him? I'm the stronger. I could have blasted the scheme with my hands. I had him in my power and in my own house. Now——"

He paused as his gaze lighted on the paper on the table. In another moment it was in his hands, and his eyes seemed to start from his head.

He read as follows:

"Five thousand dollars within twenty-four hours, or the noose!"

Ramon uttered a cry of rage and crushed the paper in his hand.

"This Shylock wants more than his pound of flesh!" he hissed. "He wants the soul of Ramon Doan!"

(Continued next week.)

## In African Jungles.

(Continued from page eleven.)

Bement now heard the stranger ordering the natives with him to go down into the bowl of the crater and see what the occupants (himself and the guides) were doing. He was planning to put off his attack upon them until daylight.

In the meantime, the leopard lay at the mouth of the cave switching his tail. Bement could see that he was now facing the valley. The huge animal grew restless as the strangers came slipping down the wall. At last, with a grunt, the stranger struck the ledge before the opening. He screamed when he saw the fiery eyes of the beast so near to him. Bement saw him try to spring away.

Then the leopard leaped, and there was another scream and a fall, followed by the rattling of stones on the steep descent. Bement crept to the opening and looked out.

A great torch burned on a ledge far below, a torch which had not been there a few minutes before. In the circle of light lay the man and the leopard, motionless.

But there was something more there in the red light which had flared out so quickly and so strangely.

Bending forward over the fallen man, the torch lifted above her shining brown hair, a look of terror on her clear-cut face, was the girl in white.

This extremely interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger, presenting the readers with some very dramatic happenings. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are strongly urged to send in your subscription at once. Every family should take the Ledger, as humor and stories and pictures make life brighter and pleasanter for all, bringing health and entertainment and doing every one good. You will never miss the $1.00 for the subscription, while if you do not subscribe you will certainly miss the Ledger. Be wise and attend to this today.

It's difficult for some men to act square after a round of dissipation.

**We want to send you a trial order of HAYNER BOTTLED-IN-BOND WHISKEY at our risk—on our guarantee it will please you—or it will not cost you one cent—**

We want to prove to you what a rich, pure and delicious whiskey this is.

We want to convince you of the extraordinary saving our DIRECT FROM DISTILLERY plan of selling means to you.

HERE'S OUR OFFER—WE WILL SEND YOU

**4** Full Quart Bottles of Hayner Private Stock Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey—Express Prepaid—for **$3.20**

Goods shipped in plain sealed case—no marks to indicate contents.

When it arrives—try it—every bottle if you like. Then, if you don't find it all we claim—one of the most exquisite whiskies you ever tasted and equal to any you could buy in your city for $5—send it back at our expense and your $3.20 will be returned by first mail.

THINK OF IT—THIS IS AT THE RATE OF ONLY 80 CENTS A QUART FOR THIS HIGHEST GRADE BOTTLED IN BOND WHISKEY.

—a whiskey that is distilled, aged and bottled under U. S. Government supervision—every bottle sealed with the Government's BOTTLED-IN-BOND STAMP—positive assurance that it is a STRAIGHT whiskey—fully aged, full 100 per cent proof and full measure—absolutely PURE to the last drop.

**TRY it—That's all we ask.** The expense is all ours if it fails to please you. Send us your order TO-DAY and be sure to address our nearest Shipping Depot.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Colo., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash. or Wyo. must be on the basis of 4 Quarts for $4.00 by Express Prepaid or 20 Quarts for $15.20 by Freight Prepaid.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY, Div. 5165
St. Louis, Mo. Dayton, Ohio. St. Paul, Minn.
Jacksonville, Fla. New Orleans, La.

20 Distillery at Troy, Ohio. Established 1866. Capital, $500,000 Fully Paid.

**KNIT WOOL SHAWLS FREE**

BLACK, WHITE, RED.

We have made a contract with one of the big mills for a lot of woolen shawls.

We are going to give these shawls away to our readers.

The shawls are made of woolen yarn. They come in three colors, black, white or red. These shawls can be used in many ways, as a shoulder shawl, like that shown in the cut, or they can be used to throw over the head.

Probably nothing is so useful in a home as a shawl like this. Just the thing for changeable weather. It is very handy to throw on the head when you run into your neighbor's house. Fine to wrap up the baby in. Throw it over your shoulders when sitting in a draft.

These shawls are large and well made, and we want every reader of this paper to have one of them, so we will send you one **free of all charge,** if you will fill out the coupon below and enclose $1.00 for a year's subscription to this paper.

We send the shawl all charges prepaid. Be sure to state whether you want white, black or red in the proper space below.

This is a splendid offer, and we are glad to be able to distribute these shawls among our readers.

We treat old and new subscribers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber, please say so when you write, and we will have your new subscription commence when the old one expires.

To The CHICAGO LEDGER: Enclosed please find $1.00 for which enter my subscription for one year and send me one (Color).....Shawl, all charges prepaid. Send the paper until further notice to

NAME .....
St., P. O. Box,
or R. F. D.....
Town ..... State .....

This is a ..... subscription
(new or renewal)

CANADA SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, $1.50 PER YEAR.

FOR

# YOUTHFUL EYES

### THE WASP AND THE BEE.

A wasp met a bee that was just buzzing by,
And he said: "Little cousin, can you tell me why
You are loved so much better by people than I?
My back shines as bright and as yellow as gold,
And my shape is most elegant, too, to behold;
Yet nobody likes me for that, I am told."

"Ah, friend!" said the bee, "it is all very true!
But, were I half as much mischief to do,
Then people would love me no better than you.
You have a fine shape and a delicate wing.
You are perfectly handsome—but, then, there's one thing
They can never put up with, and that is your sting.

"My coat is quite homely and plain, as you see,
Yet nobody is ever angry with me,
Because I'm a useful and innocent bee."
From this little lesson, let children beware,
For if, like the wasp, they ill-natured are,
They will never be loved, though they're ever so fair.

### The Reason Why.

Once away back in the beginning of things there was an interfering giraffe. He didn't mean to be interfering, he just wanted to be nice and kind and helpful, so every time he had a brilliant idea, and he had them about twice in five minutes, he would gambol up to the wall of the garden, where the wise men were hard at work writing out rules for the management of the world, and call over to them:

"Don't you think it would be perfectly lovely to make the horses with ten legs? Just think how much faster they could go!"

Or, "Wouldn't it be much nicer if turtles had wings," till the wise men grew quite angry and shook their pens at him and cried:

"Go away, you interfering giraffe creature. We're busy!"

At this, large tears would fill the giraffe's eyes and he would say:

"I didn't mean to be interfering. I just wanted to help, and it was such a lovely idea," and he would go away quite crestfallen. But he would soon forget all about it, and come prancing back to the wall with another brand new idea.

At last the wise men grew angry, and when they saw the giraffe come trotting up for the five thousand and sixth time, they rose and cried all together:

"Go away! Go away! Go away! We don't want to hear about your brilliant idea!"

At this the giraffe was astonished and said: "All right for you. You can manage your old world any way you please. You will make an awful mess of things, and it won't be nearly as nice as my way. But I'm mad, and I shall not ever speak to you again, so there!" and that is why the giraffe never makes a sound to this very day.

### The Horse That Asked for Justice.

Long, long ago there was a good king who wished to give justice to all in his land. So that any one, no matter how humble, might know how to get a hearing this good monarch had a bell put up so that whoever was injured by another might ring it. Then the king would assemble the wise men that justice might be done. From long use the lower end of the rope was worn away, and a piece of a wild vine was fastened on to lengthen it. Those were simple days, you see—it was so long ago.

It so happened that a knight had a noble horse which had served him long and well, but which, because it had grown old and useless, had meanly and cruelly been turned out on the common to care for himself. Driven by hunger, the horse began biting at the vine. The bell rang out loud and clear; and lo! the wise men assembled, and finding that it was a poor half-starved horse that was sounding the call, and thus asking for justice, though he knew it not, examined his case and decreed that the knight whom he had served in his youth should feed and care for him in his old age.

### It Did Not Pay.

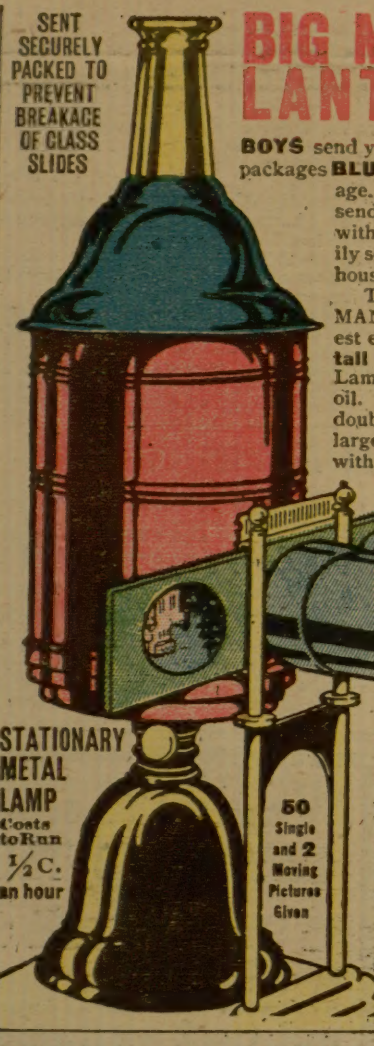
"Son," called the farmer as the aroma of eggs and ham came up through the trapdoor, "why don't you get up?"

"What's the use?" yawned the college boy as he turned over for another nap. "Don't believe in early rising."

"Don't, eh? Well, how about the early bird?"

"Oh, that's a chestnut. The early bird caught the early worm, and the early cat caught the bird, and the early dog caught the cat, and the early dog catcher caught the dog. So there you are. What's the use of getting up early? It doesn't pay."


SENT SECURELY PACKED TO PREVENT BREAKAGE OF GLASS SLIDES



STATIONARY METAL LAMP Costs to Run ½ C. an hour

50 Single and 2 Moving Pictures Given

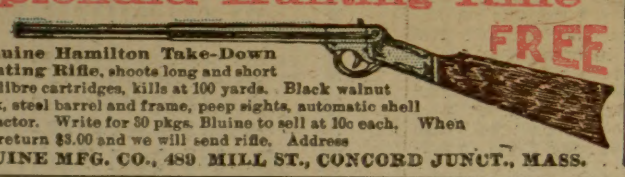
## BIG MAGIC LANTERN FREE

**BOYS** send your name and address for 24 packages **BLUINE** to sell at 10 cents a package. Return our $2.40, and we will send the **Magic Lantern and outfit** with full instructions. You can easily sell the **BLUINE** because every housewife uses it on washday.

THIS IS A PERFECT GERMAN STEREOPTICON, the largest ever given away. **Over a foot tall and half a foot through.** Lamp either burns kerosene or lard oil. The adjustable lenses are double telescopic and make very large, clear pictures. We give with the lantern, 50 colored pictures, and two continuous moving picture slides; many are comic, all pictures are different and all new. We trust you with the **BLUINE**. If you return our money within ten days after the receipt of **BLUINE** we send you **free with lantern exhibition tickets and a large white exhibition screen.** YOU CAN MAKE MONEY GIVING SHOWS and CHARGING ADMISSION.

**BLUINE MFG. CO.**
489 MILL STREET,
CONCORD JUNCTION, Mass.

## Splendid Hunting Rifle FREE



**Genuine Hamilton Take-Down Hunting Rifle,** shoots long and short 22 calibre cartridges, kills at 100 yards. Black walnut stock, steel barrel and frame, peep sights, automatic shell extractor. Write for 30 pkgs. Bluine to sell at 10c each. When sold return $3.00 and we will send rifle. Address
**BLUINE MFG. CO., 489 MILL ST., CONCORD JUNCT., MASS.**

FREE

## INDIAN SUITS With Bow and Arrows FREE!

**Boys and Girls**

This is a "Navajo" Indian warrior suit, and it will give you no end of fun. If you and some of your chums get these suits they will make you look just like real Indians, and you can hunt, have Indian fights and Indian camps. Suits are made of buckskin-covered khaki, trimmed with bright fringe. Long "scout" trousers are fringed just like a "big chief's." Feather headdress is true Indian style.

**We have GIRLS' INDIAN SUITS consisting of Skirt, Jacket and War Bonnet with bright feathers.** Show this to your friends and then all get one and form an Indian band. We give Indian suit complete for selling 24 packages Quaker Sheet Bluing at 10c each, with Extra Premium Free of Bow and Arrows. Write for Bluing. When sold send us the $2.40 and we send you full Indian Suit and bow and arrows.
FRIEND SOAP CO., Dept. 806 BOSTON, MASS.

## GOLD WATCH AND RING FREE

FREE

American movement Watch, Gold Plated Case, warranted to keep correct time, similar in appearance to solid gold watch warranted for 25 years; also Gold-Filled Ring with Sparkling Gem; both given free for selling 24 Jewelry Novelties at 10c each. Write for Jewelry. When sold send us $2.40 and we send watch and ring.

**Friend Soap Co.**
Dept. 808,
Boston, Mass.

## VIOLIN FREE

FINE, handsome, clear toned, good size Violin, highly polished, beautiful wood, ebony finished pegs, finger board and tail piece, 1 silver string, 3 gut strings, long bow, white horse hair, box resin, FINE SELF INSTRUCTION BOOK. Write for 24 packages Quaker Sheet Bluing to sell at 10c ea. When sold return $2.40 and we send beautiful Violin and outfit just as represented.
Friend Soap Co.,
Dept. 807 Boston, Mass.


### "YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

You never can tell when you send a word
Like an arrow shot from a bow
By an archer blind—be it cruel or kind,
Just where it will chance to go.
It may pierce the heart of your dearest friend,
Tipped with its poison of balm;
To a stranger's heart in life's great mart
It may carry its pain or its calm.

You never can tell when you do an act
Just what the result will be;
But with every deed you are sowing a seed,
Though its harvest you may not see.
Each kindly act is an acorn dropped
In God's productive soil;
Though you may not know, yet the tree shall grow,
And shelter the brows that toil.

You never can tell what your thoughts will do
In bringing you hate or love;
For thoughts are things, and their airy wings
Are swifter than carrier doves.
They follow the law of the universe,
Each thing must create its kind;
And they speed o'er track to bring you back
Whatever went out from the mind

### Another Kind of Address.

A man named Brown was invited to speak at a town meeting, and when he seated himself on the platform and looked over the program he discovered that his name was the last one. Considering himself somewhat of an important personage, this fact made Mr. Brown exceedingly angry, and during the entire meeting he sat and thought over the insult.

The speakers during the evening were unusually stupid and by the time Mr. Brown's turn came the audience was paying scant attention.

The master of ceremonies finally stood up to introduce the last speaker, saying as he did so, "Ladies and gentlemen, my esteemed friend, Mr. Brown, will now favor us with his address."

"Certainly," said Mr. Brown, springing to his feet, his face purple with indignation. "My address is Claremont street, Seattle, Wash. Now, good-night, I'm going home!"

### Larry Was Prepared.

"Well, Larry," said the genial manufacturer, "I hear that you are much interested in aerial sports these days."

"Yes, sor," responded the coachman with the big volume under his arm, "that is why I bought this book."

"Ah, you want to learn how to go up in an airship?"

"No, I want to learn how to come down. That is why I bought 'The Descent of Man,' sor."

### Greek to Him.

Willie—Say, pop, what's the law of gravitation?

Pop (absently)—Willie, I haven't time to keep up with all the fool laws the Legislature passes.

## Mammoth Whiskey Offer That Is Bringing Us 100,000 New Customers

Because it is an offer, quality and quantity considered, that has never before been equalled by any whiskey concern in the world.

**Think of it! On the 12-quart order this fine whiskey for only $2 cents a quart.**

We are making this unheard of offer solely to introduce **Mellow Springs Whiskey.** We know that once a consumer tries our goods he will always remain a permanent customer of our reliable house.

**Mellow Springs** is a pure, straight whiskey of full strength and exquisite flavor. It is not a cheap, fiery tasting blend, compound or mixture so much of which is sold now-a-days under the name of whiskey. We guarantee it. We give you the privilege to test it in any way you like, and if you don't say it's the finest whiskey you ever tasted, and if you don't consider this the **biggest whiskey bargain** you ever had, you may return what you have not used and we will promptly refund your money. Be one of our 100,000 new customers. Get the best and most for your money.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 4 | FULL QUARTS Mellow Springs Whiskey | $2.25 |
| 8 | FULL QUARTS Mellow Springs Whiskey | $4.25 |
| 12 | FULL QUARTS Mellow Springs Whiskey | $6.25 |
| 24 | FULL QUARTS Mellow Springs Whiskey | $12.25 |

**MAYCLIFFE DIST. CO.,** 255 S. 4th St., St. Louis, Mo

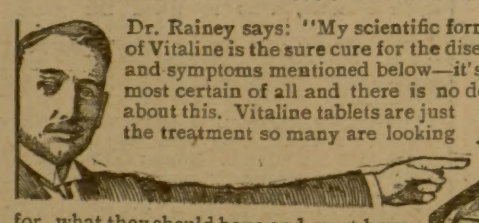
# BOYS WANTED

We want boys everywhere to sell the BLADE and LEDGER every week. You pay nothing in advance. We send entire outfit Free. We give you two cents out of every nickel you take in.

Return heads of papers you cannot sell for credit. No risk. Mention this ad. Send application to
W. D. BOYCE CO., 76 DEARBORN AVENUE, CHICAGO.

## FREE Dollar Bottle Vitaline

YOU PAY NOTHING FOR IT



Dr. Rainey says: "My scientific formula of Vitaline is the sure cure for the diseases and symptoms mentioned below—it's the most certain of all and there is no doubt about this. Vitaline tablets are just the treatment so many are looking for, what they should have and must have to be made strong, vigorous and healthy. It makes no difference how weak you are nor how long you have had your trouble, Vitaline tablets will easily overcome it—they will not fail nor disappoint you.

MAKES STRENGTH AND HEALTH

WRITE TO-DAY

**NERVOUS WEAKNESS, DEBILITY**—Lost Vitality, Nervousness, Weakness, Twitching, Jerking, Easily Excited, Wornout Feeling, Weak, Aching Back, Lack of Strength, Energy or Ambition, Bad Dreams, Poor Memory, Bashful, Restless at Night, Despondent.

**STOMACH TROUBLES**—Pain in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bad Taste or Breath, Sick Headache, Bloated, Heartburn, Sour Belching, Spitting Up, Catarrh, Gas, Gnawing, Nervousness.

**HEART WEAKNESS**—Fluttering, Skipping, Palpitation, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder Blade, Short Breath, Weak, Sinking, Cold or Dizzy Spells, Swelling, Rheumatism, Throbbing in Excitement or Exertion.

**CATARRH**—Hawking, Spitting, Nose Running Watery or Yellowish Matter or Stopped Up, Sneezing, Dull Headache, Coughing, Deafness; Pains in Kidneys, Bladder. Lungs, Stomach or Bowels may be Catarrh.

**BLOOD TROUBLES**—General Debility, Paleness, Thin, Weak, Run-Down, Nervous, Rash, Sores, Ulcers, Pimples, Chilly or Feverish, Loss of Flesh and Strength.

FILL COUPON BELOW

by writing your name and address. Send just 10c in stamps or coin to get the bottle packed and pay postage. This is all you have to do to get a $1 bottle of Vitaline Tablets free. We give you the $1 bottle without cost or obligation to prove what a wonderful remedy Vitaline Tablets are. We know when you have taken them you'll say with a glad heart that you have at last found the right medicine.

Vitaline tablets act on the Vital Organs that generate vitality and create the nerve force which makes one feel strong, vigorous and healthy, equal to all the duties and pleasures of robust strength and health. They give you vigor and vitality every day and restore you so fast and completely you never know there was anything the matter.

Vitaline tablets are guaranteed by us under the U. S. Pure Food and Drugs Law by Guarantee No. 3877. You never had anything like them, combining their wonderful curing and strengthening powers.

We send you our illustrated book, "Vitality." You have never seen one like it. Our testimonials from people cured after ten to forty years of doctoring will convince you of all we claim for Vitaline tablets.

*Exact size of Bottle containing 120 Vitaline tablets.*

**ENCLOSE 10 CENTS IN STAMPS OR COIN, for Postage, Packing, Etc.**

Dr. Rainey Medicine Co., Dept. 46 152 Lake Street, Chicago. I enclose amount for postage and packing. Send at once by mail in plain package, $1.00 bottle Vitaline Tablets, without cost or obligation to me.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....